

Father, Forgive!

6 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He, then, on yonder
tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinner, He prays for you and me:
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!"
They know not that by Me they live!"

The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening
sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found

Oh, let Thy love my heart constrain!
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the Grace that found out
me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.



Parents, Relatives and Friends -
 Please search for missing persons in any part of
 globe; defend suit, as far as possible, against
 alleged women and children, or any one, and notify
 the Commissioner Evangelino Booth, 10 Albert
 Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope.
 Cards should be sent, if possible, to delay it.
 Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to
 carry through this column and to notify the
 missioner if they wish to give any information
 persons advised and for the purpose of the

(2nd Insertion.)

JEN, JAMES W. Aged 67, dark complexion, barber by trade, 5 ft. 10 in. Australian by birth. Wore long hair, partly grey. Scar on his forehead. Last heard of in Seattle, Wash., at General Hospital, in August, 1898. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

ILLIORN, MRS. ELIZABETH (Elizabeth Froud), of Inverness, ee, Canada, where she married ant James Skillhorn, of the 8th ry, 7th Brigade, Royal Artillery. about 50 years, medium height. heard of in Liverpool, England, 20 years ago. Sister Ann Ab- of 19 Mechanic Ave., Toronto. res. Address Ennux, Toronto.

PERSON, JOHN S. Fair com-
plexion, light hair, blue eyes, about 5
feet 6 inches in height. Last heard of in
London, Man. Address Enquiry, To.

information wanted of a family
LEE, children of the late JOHN
Master Mensorer H. M. Dock-
havenport, or his son John Lee's
who was clerk at H. M. Dock
Woolwich. Last heard of about
years ago. Any information is
desired by their cousin, John
Lee, 189 Clarence St., London,
E.C.

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 nor, numbers 31 to 60.
 nor, numbers 61 to 90.
 aphonium, numbers 1 to 30.
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ave books, and willing to dispose
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18 Albert Street.

THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA NORTHWEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year, No. 52

WILLIAM BOOTH
General


TORONTO SEPTEMBER 23, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH
Comedian

Price 5 Cents.

Judgments.

Righteousness exalteth a nation : but sin is a reproach to any people.—Prov. xiv. 34



UNIVERSAL history records in a striking and convincing manner the fact that God judges a nation, or a city, or an individual; just nations have risen until they

their power, they became arrogant, proud and indignant. So we see in retaliation Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome rise, prosper, flourish, degenerate and fall, and their fates were just and complete. So secular history is just a parallel to the Bible's accounts of God's dealing with whom He will, and the cities and kingdoms with whom they came in contact. Had compensation not only spoiled good manners, but also good morals, and a righteous man dies seldom live consistently in a wicked city—yet and drink and do business with wicked men without becoming contaminated, unless he cries out against the wickedness of that city. The awful judgment which befell the cities of the plain in the time of Lot was by no means un-

isolated case. Among other similar catastrophes there is the destruction of Herodanenum and Pompeii, which is recorded in history, and which has been depicted in our frontispiece of this issue.

Mercedano was built on a hill situated between two streams with an excellent harbor which had the additional fame of being safe at all seasons. Its romantic situation made it a favorite resort of the Romans during the close of the republic and the earlier time of the empire. At one time an emperor had his villa there. Its wickedness was excessive. The loose morals and corrupt pleasures of the Roman court were introduced there with even less restraint

Prophets are Not Wanted

If a prophet had foretold the destruction of this city he would have been laughed at, as its very site was such that the probabilities of being buried during a volcanic eruption were not even thought of. Yet the unexpected always happens. One day, in the year 70, the Jews and laughing crowds of men who watched for year after year the building of the ark. The fire rained from heaven in spite of the mocking belief in the "sons-in-law." And now, in the night of the earthquake, the people heard in the year of 63, A. D., when Hecundianum suffered a terrible loss. There was lamenting and weeping for a few days, then the citizens began to laugh, amongst laughter and greater debaucheries.

In the year of 79, A. D., when the

[illegible]

In 1709 some men searching for crushed marble deposits came upon walls and statues of the buried city, whose very existence had been forgotten. Large excavations have been since made and many beautiful statues, paintings and houses have been found. Alas, the perfection of human talent and accomplishment too frequently leads to ennoblement with God, instead of increasing man's usefulness in His service.

A Modern Example.

Another tragedy among nations seems impending. The world has been shocked by the outrage of justice which was committed in France in connection with the Dreyfus trial. France, once the powerful and glorious, seems now tottering on the brink of dissolution. Since it has divorced itself as a nation from God, by destroying every recognition of religion in their national life and public

education, it has drifted into disaster.

The Dreyfus trial has been only one of the many humiliations of the nation of the white cross into the heart of France. Modern Israel has not been wanting who have cried, "Repeat!" but have been vainly shouting, "Repeat!" the clamor of the multitude who have been without a true shepherd. The Salvation Army has been the only one to have added to the centre of importance with marvellous success, yet all that has been accomplished seems so very little in comparison with the millions who are in the clutches of infidelity. What the French nation would be in the service of righteousness, can be judged from the thousands of French officers and soldiers who have been in the denial, consecration and whole-hearted devotion to God and man. Truth-loving and suffering men are weeping, and with trembling heart see the shadow of the Hand of Retribution coming.

But sin and wickedness is here with us. There is plenty of work to do in our Territory. Canada, as yet, is in its infancy. Now is the time to incessantly fight sin, stand up for righteousness and uphold truth. If we but faithfully deal, as Salvationists, with the individual—and the churches with the individual of their congregations—then the national history will develop along the line of rectitude. A nation is made up of people, and just as it is easier to convert a drunkard than to convert thousands, then to save one drunkard is easier and better to convert men individually than to correct their vices and sins by legislation and parliaments.



THE DESTRUCTION OF HERCULANEUM

Australasia — Revisited

OR,
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM-
MISSIONER POLLARD.

(N. B.—The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—Ed.)

CHAPTER VIII. LOVE-MAKING.

There is an originality about Salvation Army officers' love-making. They fail to love very much after the fashion which has obtained from time immemorial; but they marry for war.

Jacob met Rachel at the well. George Arthur Pollard met Miss Pearcey in a Salvation meeting. That was all the difference—a mere difference of meeting-place. Jacob and George Pollard had their eyes, heart and brain influenced in first sight. They were both largely ignorant of their future: Jacob as to his exact mission in the world, and Pollard as to how his was to work out. Jacob did not despise Rachel because she wore a pitcher and was employed at the usual task of water-carrying, neither did Pollard Miss Pearcey because she wore round her hat a fine and expensive feather and a superabundance of lace and frilling.

There was character in both women, and from the start of his career George Pollard had the gift of discernment, and although he was not blind to the things which we are noting, he knew—not exactly at the moment of his first acquaintance—yet he knew where they would end. They would end at the Cross.

Their First Meeting.

Their early, or first love, was all beautiful. Mr. Bramwell Booth, in one of his books remarks: "The beautiful example of a supreme affection, suited with true consecration to the Kingdom of Christ, which is presented to the people by many of our married officers, is doing something almost indistinguishable from the love of a husband and wife to restore the lost idea of a happy and holy marriage. It is a combination which has been as rare as it is beautiful—a union of spiritual and secular virtues, a fervent piety and deep love for the Church of God with as deep human sympathy and human weakness, with high-strung enthusiasm for souls with great tenderness and patience, and the love of little children." An example of this union is found in the lives and labors of the two officers now before us.

Let us see how these lives, running in different channels, drew near to each other till they gradually, naturally, and Divinely became one. Miss Pearcey went back to the Peckham Christian Mission, attracted on this occasion by the announcement that a black man was to preach. A coincidence is suggested here. It was a black man who came as a deliverer to Capt. Pollard on his first Sunday at Dunedin; it was a black man who drew Miss Pearcey to the Peckham Mission on the night she surrendered her will, her heart, her life to God.

She sat four or five seats from the platform in the little hall. The usual features of the meeting were again conspicuous: a riff-raff congregation, a general bustle and bustle about everything, a strange but sweet atmosphere, and a deep sense of reality and earnestness. Miss Pearcey was no stranger to it; she was concerned. The knowledge of sin had been awakened within her; she felt her need of a Saviour. She had no connected or distinct recollection of what was said. She was burdened with one thought, one desire—"Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?"

The fiery appeals from the platform for decision, uttered, as they were, by every sign of a consciousness of a happy assurance of the reality of salvation, made Miss Pearcey forget everything, even the young man whose respectability, combined with zeal, had made such an impression on her before. The need of salvation consumed her.

The prayer meeting began. A rather hot-headed, excitable, and extravagant man was exhorting sinners to "come out

now. Heaven and hell are at war, and God must and shall have the victory!" He divested himself of his coat, rolled up his sleeves, jumped off the platform, climbed over the seats till he came to the spot where Miss Pearcey sat. "You need salvation, sister!" he cried, and a chorus, with "Glory, glory, glory," as the leading line, was sung lustily. "You ought to come to-night!" he again cried, and Miss Pearcey rose. A clap of spiritual thunder was the sequel. Regardless of everything about her, Miss Pearcey walked forward to the penitent form and fell at the Saviour's feet.

The Hand of Fellowship.

She soon realized a deep, deep assurance of the pardoning love of God, and as she stood up, in a rapture of a love that beheld only God in the world—"the fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely"—she was oblivious of the fact that it was George Arthur Pollard (her future husband) who asked her name and address, and wanted her to "be sure and come to the converts' meeting on Tuesday night. We have good times, praise the Lord! We shall be delighted to see you, and I now give you the right hand of fellowship. God bless you!"

There was no love-making, of course; and yet, if marriages are made in heaven, and not the Great Pilot of human life a hand in that meeting?

Miss Pearcey went home rejoicing, and counted the hours and minutes till Tuesday night. The world was quite new to her, and even London—sombre, said, London—seemed to wear a happy smile when she rose next morning from her knees in prayer and looked out upon the street. All salvation means the second birth, giving us new eyes and ears, new hearts and new hopes.

Towards the close of the Tuesday night's meeting—a stall, but precious one to Miss Pearcey—the young zealot of the company said: "We must not separate without a word from our last Sunday night's convert. Won't you have a word, sister?"

How could she resist the appeal? Her heart was overflowing with joy; but let no reader imagine that this joy had anything whatever to do with the young man who had thus addressed her. Such a thought was farthest from her mind. The joy was heaven-born, and, although she betrayed a timidity and modesty which added to the charms of her simplicity (and possibly in the eyes of Pollard, her natural beauty), she gently testified that she was on the "Rock, Christ Jesus. My confidence is in God, that He will keep me faithful to the end." Simple, but fervent.

Of course, George Pollard saw Miss Pearcey frequently after this, and when he opened the old newspaper shop in High Street, Peckham, we already know that he turned, instinctively, to this young lady and asked her to act in the capacity of treasurer of the concern.

This was, perhaps, the first step—taken with a mutual unconsciousness as to where and what it would lead them—but a step that neither will ever live to regret.

Miss Pearcey's Trophy.

But Miss Pearcey had other endowments besides that of molding the little Mission financially. She had the courage to face a mob and conquer them. There is a capital story told of those days. We need not go into the details of it here. Suffice it that a pack of young Peckham rowdies set upon Pollard one night and thrashed him so that he fell back against the wall, almost in a faint. On seeing the effect of their brutality they made off.

Miss Pearcey ran after them, and, being best of foot, overtook the ringleader, collared him, and asked him what he thought of himself. "What harm has the young man done?" she repeated more than once, coming down upon the fellow's head with as much unmercenary Christianity as she was capable of utilizing!

Rough as he was, the Peckham rowdy had not the courage to strike back; and seeing her courage, she made the most of it.

"I 'ope the cove ain't 'urt, miss," he said; "I only meant to 'ave a lark wiv 'im."

"Your lark, then, has knocked him senseless; and I shan't eat a policeman."

"Don't do that, miss."

"Well, then, will you do what I ask you?"

"Anythink you likes; I'm sorry, miss, 'pon my 'onor I is—seen't that you're an interested party."

"Come and help him on to the ear, then, and beg his pardon."

"Done!" and Miss Pearcey dragged her trophy along the street, and he was

as good as his word. He apologized with excellent grace, and lifted Pollard to his ear, and vowed he wouldn't touch "a Salvation bloke agin."

We are, by this incident, quite prepared for another. The Army, about this time, had opened a branch Cheltenham, and this corps announced a tea-fight. Peckham went over to the feast, and the united affair went off like a marriage-bell.

"Good-Night, George!"

On the way back, the Peckham company separated in twos, and, whether by an affinity of disposition or pure accident, we will not say which, it is certain that George Arthur Pollard and Miss Pearcey found themselves engaged in an entertaining conversation about what had taken place at the meeting that night, and also the object of the celebration of the General's Silver Wedding at Whitechapel, and that they had quite outdistanced the other members of the party.

The discovery only lent zest and freedom to their talk, however. Pollard is never at a loss to fill the fleeting moments of time with useful and chirpy conversation, and we may be certain that, with the visions which he then had about quitting South London and offering himself as an officer of the Salvation Army, to go anywhere for the Lord, he had no dearth of matter on this particular occasion. If we mistake not, a shadow of disappointment crossed his youthful countenance, whenever he perceived that their destination was nearing the end.

"Time has flown on wings to night," said Pollard, and then there was a pause, and he addressed Miss Pearcey no longer by that ceremonious title. He called her by her Christian name! And from that hour their love-making was an unwritten but perfectly understood and sacred matter.

"Good-night, George," she said, in accepting his hand at parting; "take care of yourself, and God bless you!"

(To be continued.)

His Last Drink.

Some time ago, while out visiting, on turning a corner amid the great crowd who are always to be found on the streets of Dawson, a man, well known to me, said, "It's a terrible sight I've just witnessed, Captain." I learned from him that a man had dropped dead at the G—saloon. I quickly made my way to the place where they had carried the man—it was a gambling hall. They had covered him with a tent, and one of the police was in charge. It seemed to me that the devil used the occasion as an advertisement, for three steps down from where the dead man lay I stood and watched them dish out the whiskey, etc., to the poor, deluded souls who came in one after another, and quite unconcerned throw their quarters down on the counter, took a glass and helped themselves at the bar.

My attention was once more turned to the dead on arrival of the coroner and doctor, who gave orders for the body to be turned over to the Government Undertaker. "Dead in sin" was my first thought. Scotty, as he was generally known, had been well known to me and had become quite intimate on account of us both having been in the navy for many years. Many a talk we had had together on things of time and of eternity, and while he was not willing to do what was right, yet he often admitted that I was right, and made all kinds of promises. Scotty had been a drunkard for many years, and it was on one of these drunken sprees, while in the act of leaving the G—, he was seen to stagger, take one uncertain step, and fall, to be carried into the place where I found him. He had gambled his money and life away, in the place where he got his last drink.

Scotty is gone, the bustle of the city goes on just the same. One is hardly ever missed. He is only one of a great multitude of men and women whose begetting sin is the corrupt cup. When will men wake up to their bad condition, and see that unless the Blood is applied to their hearts they shall be driven from God's presence for ever.—Capt. Johnny LeCock.

Respectable people! consider this. If you separate yourselves from everyone that you think can do you any harm, you separate yourselves from everyone whom you can do any good.—Thomas T. Lynch.

The First War Cry Round IN SKAGUAY'S SALOONS.

A Graphic Description by Ensign Bloss.

At last our long-looked-for War Cry arrived, and with them the privilege of selling them for the first time in Alaska. The same evening (or the next) after they arrived, our meeting closed a little early, so, being seized with a desire to sell a few amongst the saloons and gambling places (which are open all night), I started out. I entered the first saloon and offered my papers for sale to some men drinking at the bar, and as I did so I must confess the old freedom and love for Cry selling came back upon me, for I think it is a year and a half since I did any. The men at the bar did not buy any, so the next man I struck was the proprietor, who asked me how many I had. I counted and found I had eighteen. "Well, what will you take for the lot?" he asked. "I get 5 cents each," I replied. "All right, give me 10 cents," handing me a silver dollar, so I quickly gave him the 10 cents and the eighteen Crys; these he sent around to one of his friends, and as Adit McGill was around visiting he came across an ex-saloon keeper, who got interested in one of the purchased Crys that he set up till 2 a.m. reading it, as there was an article there with photos of his old home in Ontario. May it be the means of salvation to his soul.

I came back and got some more Crys and visited other saloons, ending up in the Free Theatre, where another man bought a quarter's worth to be distributed around. Oh, the poor souls which I saw in this den of iniquity! Fallen men and women, some of them, their faces covered with paint, which did not hide the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. Oh, may God save them!

I reached home having sold about 37 papers. Most all are surprised at the splendid get-up of our paper, and some had been longing to see them, having been customers back east.

There are great opportunities connected with Cry selling for speaking to souls and with a baptized heart, limitless opportunities present themselves. One man, apparently an educated Englishman, in asking him to buy a Cry said he could not read, but the moment he said it something impressed me that it was not the truth, but taking it in the spirit of the Master and passing on, the man followed me, quite troubled, and there told me that his father (if I mistake not) was one of the English clergymen who helped with the late revision of the Bible, but he was wayward. He shook hands warmly, poor fellow! A French Count, in passing through, and with whom we got acquainted on the boat in coming out from Dawson City, met me in my rooms, saying, "Hello, Captain, you are still at your business. He bought a Cry, giving a half a dollar. Adit McGill also took his last with Crys and reported success to the number of 50.—Yours for the Cry, F. R. Bloss.

PITHY PREACHMENTS.

Forgiveness is love towards the unlovely.

A thought that is not the soul of a nation is valueless.

In the end, those who trust most will find they are nearest truth.

Any faith in Him, however small, is better than any belief about Him, however great.

When a man knows his work and will not do it, pity him more than one who is to hang to-morrow.

There is a mystery about the very nature of evil, which only He, Who made us capable of evil that we may become good, can apprehend.

Salvation lies in being one with Christ, even as the branch is one with the vine; any salvation short of knowing God, is no salvation at all.

A great man is one who will try to do right against the devil himself; one who will not do wrong to please anybody, or to save his life.

Our F

Brief Life



sands of other of cruelty, the whole th and for some meetings, whing unde.

Through p tact with at religion over intensified by of any emp readings, all church mem

However, led with a was speedily conversion— gone to Hol days, and s in Rotterdam 1834, said: often heard save my round in n books was to drown t muddy into and finally to the augu.

A week l hand, and I knelt at I heard circumstances

Our Eastern Commanders.

Brief Life Sketches of Major and Mrs. Pickering, Provincial Officers for the Eastern Province.

By MAJOR PICKERING.



As a traveller took me over a wide field. While on a business trip I dropped into a barracks in Manchester, where a farewell meeting was in progress—the first two losses from the corps were leaving to enter the T. H. One of them interested me.

Two years later, from this very corps, I entered the T. H. as a Cadet, and spent eight happy weeks under its roof, drinking in the many soul-inspiring truths enunciated there. My first appointment was as Secretary of the First Eastern Division. On my arrival at Headquarters the first thing that caught my eye was a motto:—

"Be Prepared for Difficulty, Darkness and Seemingly Defeat."

"We Pass Through these to Victory."



MAJOR AND MRS. PICKERING, Eastern Province.

Through reading of books and contact with atheists, I gradually threw religion overboard; my scepticism was intensified by the glaring inconsistency of my employers in their business dealings, all the time being prominent church members.

However, the Army's advent, coupled with a godly mother's prayers, was speedily to make a change. My conversion was a striking one. I had gone to Holland for my summer holidays, and strolling gambolling in a cafe, in Rotterdam, one Friday night, about 1920, suddenly heard a voice I had often heard before praying—"O God, save my boy!" I started, swung round in my chair, but the only on-looker was a Dutch waiter. I tried to throw the voice by plunging more madly into the game, but could not, and finally rushed from the building to the amazement of my friends.

A week later found me back in England, and the following Sunday night I knelt at the penitent form.

I became a soldier, as far as circumstances would allow; my duties

This has proved a stimulus to me through many a dark hour. Feeling the need of a thorough knowledge of Field work, I asked for a Field appointment, and after some time was

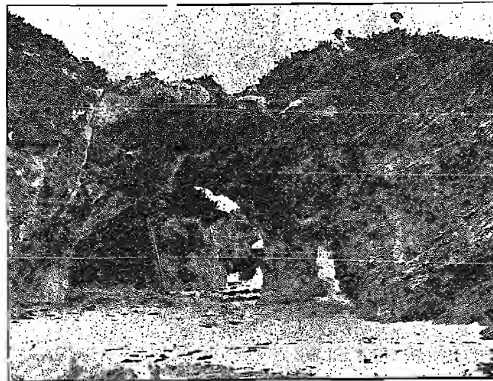
appointed to open a new corps, Holbrook. Swaffham followed, being another new opening; then Glasgow, where a huge theatre was taken for a barracks. Dundee III., still another



new opening, came next. Over 200 souls were saved there, and 150 marched in our ranks when we left for Kirkcaldy II., a fourth opening.

Riots and Booshed were the order of things here, and through a riot a three months' illness followed.

Kendal was memorable by my marriage. From here we went to beautiful Boscombe, and spent six months in triumph. After Swindon I, where our chief work was in getting money for the citadel, we went to Sunderland I, with its 600 soldiers and huge audience. During our stay here hundreds were saved, and we opened the magnificent citadel, seating over 2,000 people. Nottingham I, our next appointment, was sifter in many ways, although as many soldiers, but difficulties are made to overcome, and we had a lovely break. Luton I, (the Temple) came next. Through a clerical error we got there, instead of Northampton I, but it was all right. The Temple saw crowds of souls saved and the financial problem solved. At Doncaster Circus we had a great physical struggle, which ended up in a break-down of myself and wife. After a three months' furlough, we received orders for London, and were appointed to Holloway I, Prison Corps, under our beloved Field Commissioner, where nine happy months were spent, 400 souls were saved, and 100 new soldiers enrolled; of those who came to the penitent form here, three are Staff Officers and several Field Officers today. It was our next appointment. My pen fails to describe this corps; its huge hall, forged with people, its brass band—for out-and-out Salvationism and musical ability I have never met their equal—the local officers, too, were models of loyalty. We saw 650 souls saved and over 300 enrolled. From here we went to the Army's "Cathedral Corps"—Clapton Congress Hall—and there spent seven bright, happy and successful months, saw the audience rise over 1,000 per week, nearly 3,000 souls were saved, and a large number added to the roll.



NATURAL ARCH, TUCKER'S TOWN, BERMUDA.

We left this corps with \$100 in hand. This closed my field career.

I next was appointed to the East London and Essex Division as D. O., and God marvelously set His seal to our efforts. Five corps and societies were opened. From there we took command of the North London Division. This Division was the largest for soldiery in the country. Then came the dividing up of London; the North Division was cut up into three parts, and we were again transferred to take command of the West. There again God set His seal upon our efforts; during our eight months' stay seven new corps and societies were opened, 1,200 soldiers enrolled, and our open-air attendances went up 3,000 per week.

Here we are in Canada, and while we find a change in many respects, yet we are in for claiming big things for God and the Army. We are more in love with the Flag and the Army's leaders than ever.

THE MAJOR'S BETTER HALF.

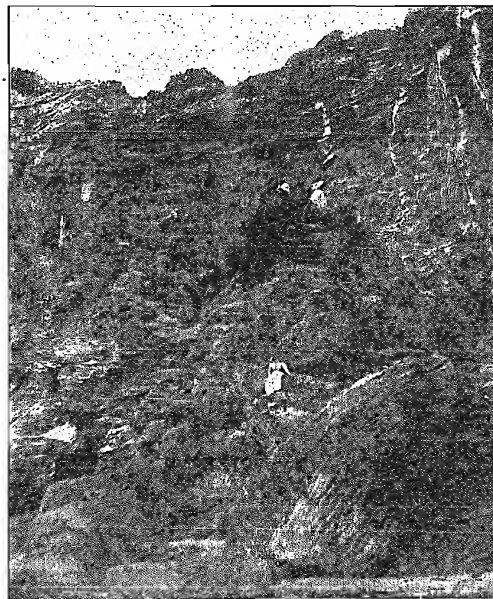
Mrs. Pickering was saved at 15 at the Army's penitent form, Openshaw, Manchester. She was always looked upon as a good, moral girl, but found out with it all she needed salvation. She worked hard as a soldier, was an ardent War Cry boomer, and scarcely ever missed the open-air. She entered the Training Home in September, 1882, and has many vivid recollections of the early struggles of those days. After a term at the famous Gresham Theatre, where nightly raffles were sold upon her strength, she speckled with Miss Emma Booth (now Mrs. Booth-Tucker) for some time. Then a serious breakdown in health compelled a lengthened furlough. She was married to the Major in 1888, and for 11 years has been an invaluable helper in the war.

WHAT TO TALK.

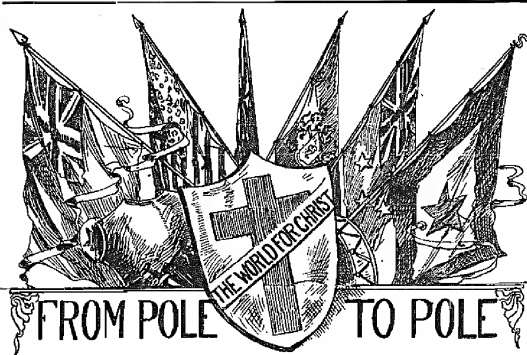
Talk happiness; the world is sad enough. Without your woes. No path is wholly rough; Look for the places that are smooth and clear, And speak of those to rest the weary ear. Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain, Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith; the world is better off without Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt. If you have faith in God, or man, or self, Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf. Of silence all your thoughts ill faith shall come; No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

To pray without ceasing is not a mode of speech; it is an attitude of spirit. . . . "I do always those things which please Him"—that is praying without ceasing.—Rev. J. H. Jowett, M. A.



HIGH CLIFF, TUCKER'S TOWN, BERMUDA.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General spent another Sunday among the villages, this time at Diss. There were 75 at the Cross. The Norwich I. band assisted. Though there is only a population of 4,000, no less than thirty-six saloons are to be found in the place.

The Chief's last Council with Loal Officers was at Leeds, when 400 met him last Saturday, bright in their full uniform, and ready, eager, and receptive of spirit. The day was one of the best the Chief has yet had of this character. He was much impressed by the appearance and spirit manifested, and he was accorded a reception in every way worthy of their native enthusiasm.

Mrs. Brewwell Booth went down to the Farm Colony with 300 Light Brigade Agents and Boxholders and spent a happy day.

The latest English War Cry says: "Something new under the sun, and this down Bradford way—the Elevator Wood Section supplied with electric power for wood-sawing." (It will interest our readers to know that the Toronto Wood yard had electric power for cutting wood about five years ago.)

The latest English War Cry has the following item: "Bessie Gordon and his daughter, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Murray, had a chat with the Chief this week, after which Colonel Barker escorted them through the Prison Gate House and round the shelters. Mrs. Murray, writing thanks on behalf of herself and her father, says, 'The Shelters are so clean, and everything so attractive.' (It will interest our readers to know that Bessie Gordon is the father of Mrs. Colonel Jarvis, the wife of our much-loved Chief Secretary.)"

UNITED STATES.

Sixty souls came to the penitentiary during the Commander's meetings at Old Orchard.

The City Band played at the Chief Secretary's meeting in Kansas City.

The Life of Brigadier Reid is reviewed in the latest American Cry.

The Commander has issued a Guide Book to his officers in connection with the coming II. F.

Many leading American papers have expressed their contempt for the iniquitous persecution of our comrades by the police of Philadelphia.

The salvage warehouse in Chicago is turning out just three times the amount of pupes, mugs, etc., that it did last year at this time. If sufficient men could be secured, even greater results could be achieved. While in the East, Colonel French will confer with the Commander regarding building an addition to the present warehouse.

San Francisco has just issued a special "Admission War Cry" in five colors. The edition is exceptionally well illustrated and the articles of first-class order.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioner and Mrs. Ridsdell spent a week-end at Robertson and Montagu, conducting farrow meetings. There were some excellent results.

In the Zulu Column of the African Cry we find words like imigqumana, kumsidisi, izimpahla and emqunibini, while in the Dutch Column are found handtastelikheden, dronkaardsgezinnen, and gescheidenissen! South Africa must be a desirable place to live in!

A great deal of poverty and distress exists at present in Johannesburg. The Salvation Army is doing its level best to cope with it.

JAMAICA.

At the demonstration at Blue-Fields, Jamaica, West Indies, conducted by Commissioner Ralston, which lasted three days, 17 souls professed conversion, many of them being remarkable trouble-makers of Divine grace. The new barracks was crowded out, notwithstanding heavy down-pours of rain. There was Liberty in song and prayer, so signs followed. Brigadier Rolfe interviewed a dozen Candidates for the Work during the three days. There is a great forward movement, the enemy's flank having been successfully turned.

BRITISH GUIANA.

At the Coolie Shelter, British Guiana, things are looking bright. Capt. Jackson has succeeded so well in mastering Hindustani that he is able to lead a meeting in the native tongue. A number of coolies have got saved and are being formed into a Blood-and-Fire corps. A day-school has been opened for children and a night-school for converts.

At Barbados, Staff-Capt. Widgory has opened a combination Food and Shelter Depot and Naval and Military Home, which bids fair to be a great success. Eighteen sailors slept there recently.

INDIA and CEYLON.

Our old friend, Commissioner Higgins, is looking well. His last letter stated he was going to Madras to conduct officers' meetings, and from there to Poona to conduct the wedding ceremony of Major Balander (Hunter) and Adjutant Intia Bai (Talloek).

A Buddhist priest of 12 years' standing has just got converted in Ceylon, and handed over his robes to Headquarters, as he is now a Salvationist.

DENMARK.

Major Howard was married to Staff-Capt. Lonsdale on the 17th of August, and within forty-eight hours of that event they were informed that their next appointment would be in Denmark. As this is an age of record-breaking we have searched, but in vain, for precedents on the line of what we may be pardoned for describing as a honeymoon appointment. Major Howard will act as Chief Secretary in Denmark.

SWEDEN.

Our Swedish forces have had a special demonstration at Upsala. Three Salvationist-Indian steamers arrived from Stockholm, two from Sodertelge and Hulterslo, while two more could easily have been fitted.

An enthusiastic crowd received them: police gave permission to march through the town to our barracks. Meetings were held in our own building and in the Methodist Church. The ship's records are 12 souls for salvation and 7 for holiness, and a muster of 10,000 waving the departing steamers alien from both sides of the river.

ITALY.

The Italian officers who have returned from the S.A. Exhibition in London are filled with a new enthusiasm to push the war still more aggressively in their country.

On the 15th of August all the corps united in the North of Italy for their annual demonstration. That special "review" was a success, and demonstrated plainly the fact that the war in the country is going forward.

The Italian "Grido di Guerra" is a paper quite up to date and confronts largely to the evangelization of the people.

Although the work is very difficult and trying in that land of superstition, the officers meet everywhere with great encouragements. Every day they gain new victories.

Indian News.

The Shanar riots in South India are now reported to be at an end. The Maravars, a caste of Hindus who were previously notorious hereditary thieves, rose up against the Shanars, a toddy-drawing and agricultural caste, and went about the country in large bands setting fire to Shanar villages, killing the men, outraging the women, and initiating a reign of terror generally. They attacked some but Shanars. There are a number of villages called "Shanar" Christians, but they were not attacked. Very large numbers of the Shanars embraced Mohammedanism, the Mohammedans having assured them of protection against the Maravars, if they would embrace their faith.

The quarrel arose apparently from the attempt of some Shanars to worship in certain temples and claim certain caste-positions, to which the Maravars thought they were not entitled.

The Police and Magistrates of several places are reported to have acted disgracefully, neglecting either to attempt to deal with rioters themselves or to allow information to reach high Government authority.

Our comrade in Nagorecoil reports that for several days an attack was expected there, as Maravars, according to their custom, had sent formal written notice. The mouson on the western side of India is very light indeed. Staff-Capt. Dhill Singh, on our Gujarat Farm Colony, is an anxious man these days. The rainfall so far is very scanty, and unless there is a change the crops for the coming season are in jeopardy.

The plague is increasing by leaps and bounds in Poona, though standing normal in Bombay, and very low in other parts of India. In Poona the death rate runs from 40 to 60 per day, and the exodus from the city is again starting.

The number of Protestant missionaries of all denominations in India, is stated by Dr. Hudson of Ajmere, to be 2,797 in 1890, as against 2,608 in 1888, an increase of 230. A leading Indian newspaper advances a peculiar theory, viz., that the very large increase indicates that Indian Missions are a failure, and that just as reinforcements are essential to the beaten party in battle, or to the party that are just on the point of giving way,—on this principle fresh missionaries have been called from Europe and America.

GLOBELETS.

We announce with regret that Major and Mrs. Molan have lost their darling baby-boy, aged seventeen months.

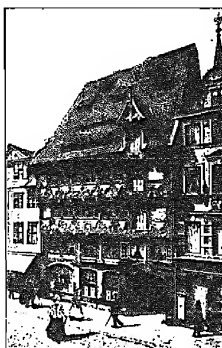
We regret to learn that Brigadier and Mrs. Marsden have lost their precious baby, after three weeks' suffering.

About Hong Kong, where the plague has been raging, Staff-Capt. Symon writes in a more cheerful strain. The dreadful scourge is diminishing somewhat.

The Naval and Military Home in Japan has recently opened new premises. The present arrangements are giving every satisfaction.

Esau and Mrs. Borland, with their two boys, have arrived in England on furlough, from South America, after an absence of nine years.

Brigadier Reid's first tour in the Rhinecland Division was a great success. First Sunday, Cologne, twelve souls—all classes.



A Hall of Former Centuries in the City of Brunswick, Germany.

The Most Famous Army Shelter.

ONLY 550 MEN ALLOWED INSIDE

The Blackfriars Shelter, London, is allowed to accommodate only 550 men nightly. The men may come in any time like after opening time—5 p.m.—but one place is generally filled by 10 p.m. in summer and 8 p.m. in winter. The prices for admission are as follows:

| | |
|---|-----|
| Wooden shank-down, with six ounces of bread | 1d. |
| Bunk, sea-weed mattress, coverlet, hot and cold water ad lib, clean towels, etc. | 2d. |
| Private sleeping room, bed with spring mattress and sanitary sewered lavatory, sheet and coverlet, and lavatory accommodation | 3d. |
| Hot and cold bath, towels, soap, etc. | 1d. |
| Use of crematorium for disinfecting clothes | 1d. |
| The splendidly-adapted and well-managed food-lar supplies food at the following rates: | |
| Triumph tea, per pint | 1d. |
| Tea soup, per basin | 1d. |
| "Door-steps" of bread and butter, jam, or marmalade (13 inches thick) | 1d. |
| Rice, per plate | 1d. |
| Joint tart, "concrete" pudding, etc., per slice | 1d. |
| Irish stew, "Mac's celebrated" per basin | 1d. |
| Meat-and-potato pie | 1d. |
| Three-ounce plate of flank beef | 1d. |
| Fruit pie | 1d. |

For three halfpence, a hungry man can have his appetite taken away! The men prefer heavy and solid foods. They like to live and eat by sight, not by faith! Their hard circumstances have made them into materialists. They take good care to go where they can get the best value for their few pence, hence their liking for the Army Shelters.



I-ANCIENT GREEK.

CHAPTER X.

ALCIBIADES.

After the death of Pericles, Alcibiades, great ability, Alcibiades, front. He had been of a but was made an orphan, hood and grew up under ship of Pericles. Alcibiades at pains to show off his beauty, but although he laughed at him for that nevertheless, a great favorite. He was of great as shown by an incident. He was at play on the straggles coming which would his arrangement. To avoid himself down before the wagon. He was under the great sage Socrates, have loved him exceedingly carrying him out of battle. Alcibiades was very Athenians were much much and the beautiful Alcibiades. The latter won many prize games, and created tions by his eccentricities indulged him, although he offended many persons by rudeness.



ALCIBIADES.

There had been in fighting against the Sicily, who were most Spartan. Alcibiades was leading an expedition against much against this, Alcibiades was joint Alcibiades. One hundred war call of trumpet and songs set out from the Piræus. At Coreira another fifty joined the fleet, which 5,000 heavily-armed men. Alcibiades, the Italian found, upon inquiry, the Sicilian cities were as they expected. Alcibiades demonstration to show Athens and their return. General wanted to attack, while Alcibiades the lesser towns, by tri and to invite the natives. Alcibiades was accepted. Alcibiades was absent at talking over his grace and brilliancy in the midst of carrying dars were received from bindes and his friends.

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L-ANCIENT GREECE.

CHAPTER X. ALKIBIADES.

After the death of Pericles a youth of great ability, Alkibiades, came to the front. He had been of noble family, but was made an orphan early in childhood and grew up under the guardianship of Pericles. Alkibiades was rather at pains to show off his exceptional beauty, but although the Athenians laughed at him for that reason, he was, nevertheless, a great favorite with the people. He was of great determination, as shown by an incident when a child. He was at play on the street and saw a wagon coming which would have spoiled his arrangement. To avoid that he laid himself down before the wheels to stop the wagon. He was an apt pupil of the great sage Socrates, who seemed to have loved him exceedingly, at one time carrying him out of battle when wounded. As Socrates was very ugly, the Athenians were much amused to see him and the beautiful Alkibiades together. The latter won many prizes at the Olympian games, and created many sensations by his eccentricities. Everybody indulged him, although later in life he offended many persons by his pride and ruthlessness.



ALKIBIADES.

There had been in earlier years some fighting against the Greek colonies in Sicily, who were mostly allied with Sparta. Alkibiades was interested in leading an expedition there. Nikias argued much against this, but the Athenians chose him as joint commander with Alkibiades.

One hundred war galleys, with sound of trumpet and songs and solemn prayer, set out from the Piræus to sail for Italy. At Coreyra another fifty-four allied ships joined the fleet, which now contained 5,600 heavily-armed men. Arriving at Rhegium, the Italian foreland, they found, upon inquiry, that more of the Sicilian cities were against them than they expected. Nikias was for a naval demonstration to show the power of Athens and then return home. Another General wanted to attack Syracuse at once, while Alkibiades advised to gain the lesser towns, by friendship or force, and to invite the natives to revolt. This plan was accepted. Alkibiades being an adept at talking over strangers, to whom his grace and brilliancy were new. While in the midst of carrying out his plan, orders were received from Athens for Alkibiades and his friends to return at once

to Athens to answer for several crimes of sacrilege, which they were supposed to be guilty of, and which were supposed to be a part of a conspiracy to upset the laws of Solon and make Alkibiades a tyrant of Athens.

This work of his enemies he had feared, and upon the advice of his friends, who wrote him of the popular feelings being against him, so that he would have no fair trial, he escaped on the very home. When he failed to arrive at Athens he was cursed and condemned to death. He took refuge in Sparta, and later on in Persia.

Nikias, who had been left in Sicily, was so cautious in his movements that he was considered a coward by the Syracusans, who provoked a battle in which they were defeated. In the meantime Sparta and Corinth came to the rescue of the besieged city, and in a great sea fight, defeated the Athenians completely, forcing the remnant of their ships which escaped into a valley, where Nikias and his friends were captured. The old, brave General and other leaders were put to death and the other Athenians sold as slaves. Some of the latter were so apt in reciting their classic poetry that their masters showed them much leniency; a number, in fact, gained their freedom in this manner.

The war, however, continued, and was finally fought out on Greek soil. The Spartans now cared more for being leaders than for the unity of Greece, and made a league with the Persians. The Athenians, in their difficulty, recalled Alkibiades, who succeeded in gaining numerous towns and islands again for the cause of the Athenians. He managed to raise a magnificent fleet of two hundred sail.

The Spartans were led by Lysander, of the royal line, and in a sea fight at Notium won a trifling victory over the Athenians, which caused the old simulating hatred against Alkibiades to break out again, and resulted in his banishment.

Konon, the next Athenian commander, met the Spartan fleet, defeated the latter, who were only half in number, and killed its brave commander. The victors, however, lost a number of ships in the storm, and many warriors were drowned. This caused an inquiry which led to the condemnation of all commanders, except Konon, but the death sentence was not executed as the generals were, fortunately, away at the time.

Lysander, in the meantime, collected a fresh fleet, and was enabled to build many new ships by the aid of Persian money. Cyrus, the son of Darius, was now on the Persian throne, and he showed himself a clever ruler. He knew how to value Greek bravery, and concluded that it would pay him to keep them fighting among themselves; for this reason he furnished money to the Spartans to carry on the war. Lysander raided and plundered many coast cities and islands of the Athenians and their allies, always escaping before the fleet of the latter came to the rescue. The two opposing navies came finally up with each other in the Hellespont, where the fleets of the Athenians and their allies, always escaping before the fleet of the latter came to the rescue. The two opposing navies came finally up with each other in the Hellespont, where the fleets of the Athenians and their allies, always escaping before the fleet of the latter came to the rescue.

Lysander ordered his sailors to attack the Athenian fleet as soon as their men had gone into the country for food. The one General was at his post except Konon, who had only eight ships manned, with which he sailed out and escaped. The Spartans burned the whole of the empty fleet, and the scattered troops on land were killed one by one. Seven of the escaping ships were taken by Konon to the Island of Cyprus, where he

thought he could serve his country better than share its impending ruin. Only one ship returned to Athens to bring home the dreadful tidings. There was a terrible sound of weeping and wailing at Athens that night. Lysander advanced quickly upon the unfortunate city, driving the Athenian garrisons before him, and finally besieging her by land and sea.

There was now no hope of deliverance, so after a short council Athens surrendered to Sparta under very severe conditions. Lysander pulled down the long wall and overthrew the laws of Solon, substituting a government of thirty men, to keep Athens under the Spartan yoke. These men were so cruel that they earned the title of the Thirty Tyrants. So ended the Peloponnesian War, in 404 B. C., after twenty-seven years of fighting.

Alkibiades, to whom the Athenians looked for deliverance had to flee to Persia, where, however, the agents of the Thirty Tyrants murdered him. The Thirty Tyrants also put to death no less than one thousand four hundred citizens without proper trials, and drove over five thousand into banishment during their eight months of reign. Then Thucydides established the old democracy, but even then Sparta was the dominant power of Greece.

(To be continued.)

THIBET.

The Land Closed to the Gospel.

We are on the border of Thibet, the land which is closed to the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. No missionaries are allowed even to pass through the country. The Thibetans are strange people. Several hundred of them are here in this district and we come in contact with them daily. There are a number of missionaries here learning the language and working among those who are in these parts, expecting God to open unto them a door of intercession in Thibet. Let all God's people pray that this may soon be the case.

Of all the people I ever met, these seem to be the most ignorant concerning the things of God. They are kept in ignorance by the Lamas, who are their spiritual guides. Very few of them can read or write, and all they know is one prayer of about six syllables. You can hear them saying it over and over again, but there are very few of them who can tell you what it means, even some of their Lamas cannot explain it. They have this prayer printed on pieces of paper and tied to the bushes of trees and on poles. When the wind blows the paper, they believe it will carry their prayers to heaven.

In Thibet they never wash their bodies, and the acclims wash but once a year, or not at all in some places. Their clothes are worn without washing till they are worn out, but here in India some of them have taken to using water and it improves their appearance wonderfully. The girls are married young and generally married to two or three boys in the same family. They have three ways of putting away their dead—by fire, water and air. The rich are cremated and the poorer classes are either thrown in the river, or left on a hill tied to a stake for wild animals to devour.

They smoke, use snuff, and are very hard drinkers. They make a filthy-looking beer out of barley and some other grain. It is a common thing to see little girls, two and three years old, smoking cigarettes. I saw a mother smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke into the mouth of her little child, and the child would blow it out and was tickled at the performance.

Our object in writing these things is to stir up an interest at home and get these dear souls on our hearts. Their miserable condition cannot be told on paper. Let all the people of God pray for these dear people. Jesus died for them and loves them as much as He did you and I when we were in our sins. Some of them have been saved, and they got cleaned up inside and out, praise God.—W. S. Craig, in the Fire Brand.

To anyone interested in the work among poor children, a swing is very much needed in the nursery of the London Rescue Home. Write Staff-Capt. Cowan, Riverview Ave., London S. Ont.

Josh Billings' Jottings.

A wise man never despairs, when hope gives out, then comes resignation.

The best way I know of to repent of any thing, is to do better next time.

Fashion always lowers a grate man, but sometimes elevates a little one.

There is nothing more becoming to any man than humility, yet it is about the last thing he thinks of.

Too much reading, and too little thinking, has the same effect on a man's mind, that too much eating, and too little exercise, has on his body.

The highest rate of interest that we pay is on borrowed trouble—things that we never have a going to happen never do happen.

Peace all things—even adversity is profitable to a man's face.

A learned phool is one who has read everything, and simply remembered it.

There is no good substitute for wisdom, but silence is the best that has been discovered yet.

He Would not Alter the Coat.

The following up-to-date fact took place in Australia. One of the local officers in a certain corps got cold in his soul's experience, sent in his commission, and made up his mind to leave the Army. To this end he took his time to the tailor to have it altered into a civilian's coat. After a few days he sent his child to bring his altered coat back, when the following conversation took place:

Little girl: "Please, sir, father sent me for his coat, if it is finished."

Tailor: "No, it is not done."

The little girl is about to leave in a hurry, when the tailor cries: "Here, take this coat back to your father, and tell him to stick to the Army and trade, for it was the Army that made a man of him."

The tailor is a Roman Catholic, but he has much respect for the Army. We are glad to say the comrade has come back to the Army, partly, no doubt, on account of the above incident.

Prickly Pears and a Collecting Card.

Old Dad Carr, one of the oldest and best soldiers in the Goundiwindi (Qld.) corps, got so energetic about the Social Annual collecting-card, that he got lost for two days and two nights. He is over 70 years of age, and he has been a wonderful collector, but on this occasion went too far out to some stations some 20 miles away, all on foot. The country he got lost in is all flat, and covered with prickly pears. He tells us he walked round a prickly pear-bush all night to keep himself warm. When he came home he was covered with prickles, which are very painful, and his lips and face were stained with the juice of the pears, which he had been eating. They are fairly good eating, but you must be properly hungry before you can face them. When asked why he ate them he said, "A man must eat something when he is hungry." However, Dad kept saved through it all, and vows that to be lost in the prickly country is no fun! He has done beautifully with his collecting-card.

The Blackburn-Wright Discussion.

Will you please inform my old friend, Benjamin Wright, that it was in the year of our Lord 1887 that I held my first H. P.; that makes him one year behind the time; also tell him our target this year was \$62.50 and we have smashed it. I hope he has done the same.—Adj. Blackburn.

By MAJOR SOUTHALL.

IT is difficult to trace their origin, as they date back a long way, but they began to assume prominence and become aggressive about two thousand years ago. Though their names are different, they belong to the same family, and each possess distinctive features. As a result of their peculiar nature and surroundings they have developed the faculty of destructiveness to an abnormal degree. This accounts for their destroying and pulling down, rather than upbuilding, those things they profess to live and labor for. They are renowned for their ability to cause confusion, strife, dissension, promote disunion, breed dissatisfaction, develop suspicion, undermine loyalty, and induce hatred of discipline.

It is difficult to decide whether their active qualities, as above, or their passive, are the most dangerous. Certainly the latter make them more uncharitable and vindictive. Their conceit (in imagining all wisdom has been especially reserved and given to them, as a kind of absolute right from heaven), bigotry, self-will, and narrow-mindedness, all serve to act as fuel to the fire that manifests itself in a bitter opposition to those who do not accept their ideas.

accepted in former years they tried to enforce recognition of their tenets by inflicting cruelties of the worst kind. From stake and rack, from arena and dungeon, from prison cell and scourging room, the expiring cry of their victims has ascended to heaven. With the advance of civilization, however, their measures have become comparatively unaltered; and from the methods mentioned they have adopted the more insidious, and perhaps more successful, policy of subtle intrigue—undermining of existing principles—and sowing of disturbing ideas.

Anyone attacked by this contagion seldom recovers entirely. It is like a case of malaria, and is scarcely curable if it has become chronic. Blood-and-Fire Salvationists and whole-hearted Christians of any denomination are the desirable prey, and occasionally some of these fall victims to the efforts of those who propagate this dangerous epidemic. It is the more dangerous because it is so contagious. It is like a scum of truth. It gives a death-blow to enthusiasm, it numbs the spiritual sensibilities, and in a remarkably short time will transform a devoted Christian into a kind of a decorated broom-stick, and make one who has been useful in the service of God and humanity feel little more than a bundle of empty profession. In short, it will make a saint an "old man" and a "do" into one of "jaw"—if it is religion at all.

All the delusions of this class are that they are positive that their convictions are of Divine origin, and, therefore, demand that everyone should think as they do. All the delusions of this class are of a kind of selfishness, and that of the coarsest kind. When you come to analyse their motives how much you discover of personal interest. What personal interest? The interest of being right. — someone unsettled by their propositions? Whether that individual becomes a more earnest Christian, and more energetic in seeking to do good, is a matter of no real value to him. "Divine guidance" is one of their pet phrases, but how often their actions indicate that much of their professed guidance is a matter of expediency, in following their own way, and their pet ideas accepted. They delight to play upon words, and use stock phrases. They are very careful about dotting the *i's*, and crossing the *x's* of their argu-
ment notions.

Much of the mischief done—even where the motive may be good—is due to the failure to view things in their relative importance and position: which results in straining at a minor feature, while a greater is practically ignored. Souls rushing to hell while

they haggle and spout on doctrinal hair-splitting is a small matter compared to proselytizing (which means unsettling) an already earnest follower of film Who had no creed, but taught the intensely practical plan and purpose of saving men from sin and its awful penalty.

(number of other features, all "Divine," which included in the mystic stock-in-trade of these exploiters. What great religious reformer is there, or has been, but has been caused greater anxiety by the devil as an "angel of light" through these nomadic speculators, who have been able to make themselves in his true guise of black face and long tail? Poor Paul—I use that adjective reverently—what heaps of sorrow you endured through the mischievous efforts of those fellows at Jerusalem. I am sorry that you did not know the "angel of other things" than you had found. What a lot of thousands of converts, for whose salvation you had worked and suffered, they upset. (Young converts are their special prey, and sometimes they sneek round the pulpit and whisper in the minister's ear the significant seal of ecclesiastical authority, their high-sounding

place of perfect laws perfectly kept, and heaven is a place of glorious freedom. The truest and greatest freedom is enjoyed where the best laws are in force and recognized, whether in the individual or the community. Without discipline, order and government there can be no true freedom.

What, then, are there no such blessings as "Divine goldmine," and "Divine healing"? By all means, yes! Have we not seen many cures of brilliant physicians actually effected by the leading of the former, and when the consequence of taking a certain step would otherwise have been impossible to bent? Of the latter, having been given up by some, and having been given up by skilled physicians, have been brought back from the confines of death's shadowland. But the question arises, upon what individual (or individuals) as an absolute right. Neither is it given as a plying for fanatics, or as a means of making money, or as a hobby-horse for long-sided enthusiasts to expend their surplus and misapplied zeal upon. Much less does it give it as a mercenary device for the use of the "quack" mountaineers and charlatans, whose principal desire is to find something novel for public exhibition, and with which to play on the sentimentalities of the susceptible persons.

God's blessings are given to make us straight, upright, earnest men and women. Character we need, not notions.

emphlified it. Keep clear of these vocacies of a religion of mystic high-sounding nothings and speculative air-bubbles. Also remember that whatever lessens our devotion and usefulness in God's service comes from the devil in some way; while that which makes you a better, happier, and more practical and useful warrior of the cross, and saviour of others, may be accepted with safety and satisfaction.



Looking back over the portions of Holy Writ which have been our consideration in this column for the last quarter, we are struck with the strong similarity which the history of Israel's wandering through the wilderness bears to the frailties, faults and fortunes of the Christian world to-day. This would be strange did we not remember how little alteration Time's rolling ages have made in the feeble disposition of man, and how absolutely powerless they have been to change or affect the eternal mercies and providences of the Divine will.

How often in their foolish mistakes and unwarranted murmurings we may see us in a mirror the image of our own. How yet more frequently in their undeserved blessings, in the beautiful love which gave them victory when they only could have expected defeat, and forgiveness when their conduct had merited only justice, have we been reminded of the infinite mercy which has followed our steps and forgiven and blessed our iniquity!

If the study of Israel's wanderings does no more for us, it should awaken us to reverent love for God's tender and impartial faithfulness towards His children, as well as to the weight of gratitude's debt which all this mercy lays upon us.

A chief cause of the loss of confidence by many who begin to be saints may be charged to the fact that they enlisted with the idea of an excursion to heaven before their eyes, only to find that they were to be used to wage a continuous campaign against hell. This brings them up short, their knees knock, their songs dwindle into a whine, and not a few of them do not want to be saints any more. Much of the manly-manly evangelism of the present is calculated to do little

more than to start follis wrong. Heaven will reward their choice of, not their strength of, their faith. The Wagoners, then, hres as glimmeringly avaricious as the "get rich quickly" devils of the Panama steamer are held before their eyes. The Spanish desperado, the Wagoner, the Indian, the tenacious Indian's threat immediately after he was laptized to prevent him from apostatizing. Many modern hene recruits would need to be laptized and then laptized on the other shore. To live with Christ in God is not easy, it will take all there is in your life. To enlist intelligently in the Christian life is to enlist with the determination to fight all the unholy principalities, powers and iniquities of this present world, that as a hero, scared but experienced, you may serve, confident of your worth to Him as well as of His worth to you. You enlist for war, not for a picnic, he discouraged them to the dismay of the faithful hene. God will give whether your flesh lives or dies. Be strong in the Lord. Fight the good fight of faith. Press the battle hard. Never say again, "I wish that I had not come here again."—John G. Woolley.

It is a greater because a more difficult thing to live a poet's life than to write a good poem. The mere quick sensibility and vivid impression of the moment may produce a poet; only the careful culture of life can create character.—Blackie.



terms and mystic phrases' bedazzle the unwary young converts. Action, service, God requires, not fairy tales.

What is the secret, then, of enjoying the blessings God has to bestow? Live in right relationship with Him. That is the answer to the whole question. If it is not, then God is an exacting Being, Who demands, as He by caprice, to be asked in precise terms for the blessing that He sees will be beneficial for us; and not the God the Bible declares Him to be—so tender, considerate, compassionate, and willing to bless.

Let those who will dishonor Him thus, but let every Salvationist hold on to the good, old-fashioned, Blood-and-Ire, and believe God when He says, "No good thing will I withhold from them that are true to Me." Let us men live in right relationship with God, and to allow matters to hold their relative position, according to their importance, and you will find that in all these questions the Individual will be discovered by the Character of the Deed. Let us just what God desires Him (or her) to enjoy. Don't give the small finger greater prominence than the eye, or the hand greater than the body, and then blame the Lord, and your officers, and everybody else.

Keep to the plain, broad, common sense, practical principles of the Gospel, as Jesus Himself taught and ex-

Freedom v. Anarchy.

There is no word more full of charm or significant meaning in the English language than the word "freedom." At what mighty cost have our forefathers preserved to us the charm of

The exclamation of the celebrated French heroine—"Oh, liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!"—seems to apply equally to the question of liberty in spiritual things. The idea many of these exploiters have of freedom finds its counterpart in the plan of Chicago anarchism. Self-government and equality is the rock-bottom principle, though they will not always admit it.

Heaven is heaven because it is a

✻ The Religion of the Body. ✻

By COLONEL HAY, British Field Secretary.

"The Salvation Soldier should consider that true religion consists in loving God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself. This will be evidenced by a joyful and holy life, and by the devotion of all he has to the promotion of the glory of God and the well-being of men."—The General in "Soldiers' Regulations."

The world is drunk with unbelief concerning practical religion. The people pass with a sneer—even the children have found it out.

The sentimental plety of the "heart" is discovered, and the united estimate and testimony concerning it is "found wanting."

Religion without a body cures no woes, heals no wounds, and sets up the best it ever produced be set up against the many-voiced cry of the thousands of the hopeless, shunning, self-damning souls all round you, with united voice they say, "It does us no good." Verily, truth cannot bless except it be LIVED FOR, unfeared, and unfeigned.

The religious world has gone from one extreme to the other—the common people of all revolutions. The Reformation—mighty and noble in its time and place—has at length manifested itself in the life of many nations to be an extreme straining of truth to one side, until now the general conduct of most of the professing Christians indicates clearly an abandonment in theory and practice of many of the bottom-rock and most important and vital truths laid down by the Saviour. WHO TOOK A BODY to suffer, and in very deed and truth became the Saviour of the world.

The extreme dependence on works of the body, crucifixion of the flesh, asceticism and self-denial, received a mighty check in these Reformation days. Men made so much of it that the leaders of the reforming truth wanted to turn it all back, and a strong bid was made for heart religion. We did no fault with these ostentatious expressions being relegated to their proper place, and the cleansing of the inner man being properly and fully taught; yet we cannot help but regard as ruthless and delusive any teaching or practice that causes men and women to give up the practical witness of Jesus for the present, dreamy, emotional fancies of a religion which begins and ends out of the sight of the world which needs it so much.

Begin at the Heart.

It may be argued that when the heart is right, everything else will be; that a pious and holy emotion cannot be experienced personally without some harmonious expression outside. Unfortunately, thousands have accepted the very opposite idea; in fact, it has seemed to them from their earliest days to be quite the proper thing to shut out, and in satisfy themselves with, nothing more than a religion of theory and a few comforting feelings. The service of the body is denounced; it is too practical—provokingly so—it is over-detailed, over-elaborate; and the one loving disposition of thousands of the professed followers of Jesus goes on having a comfortable time.

The life of God must lay hold of the heart. Religion, to begin with, is a thing dealing with a man's vitals; but the world is seriously defrauded if any man, whether he be a Salvationist or attached to any other branch of the professed followers of Jesus, allows himself to think that it does not matter much whether his body serves or not. There are few, comparatively speaking, among the thousands of Salvationists, who are held in this bondage; but, just as this delusion is wide in its effects outside our ranks, so it is as really manifested inside our ranks, although limited in degree. The Salvation Soldier should therefore examine his own heart, compare it with the service of his body, and see that it is not one with belated.

The world considers it has a perfect right to treat with downward suspicion all professions of love to Christ which are not accompanied by those deeds of mercy, acts of love, and that self-sacrifice that makes the life of Jesus stand out in such striking contrast and by "ads" which against the professors of "heart-religion," for even the "heart" is not the "body" of the Lord and Saviour.

pleity of the soul. It is the perpetration of a great and gross fault to attempt to press anything else before the world as the religion of Jesus Christ. The cry of the sinning crowd is "Who will SLOW us any good?" You cannot show your heart; you can only declare the good that is in it by the actions of the body.

"And the heathen shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you BEFORE THEIR EYES."

Service of the Body's Members.

THE HEAD to think for God, about God; for Christ, about Christ; do not imagine love in your heart to Christ and keep an idle head. It grieves Him, and is no help to your neighbor. Weekly dreaming and selfish planning must all come to an end, and every thought be captive to Christ and His purposes.

THE HANDS to minister to some needy, suffering sinner. There are thousands under the tender, nursing hands of Christ's women all over the world. The gentle and sympathetic touch to the despairing and hopeless souls is much wanted.

THE FEET ever to be ready to journey on missions of mercy, rejoicing in the very aching and tiredness, reaching continually—"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

THE EYES to look sympathetically; to cultivate that winning invitation so that the sinner can see in your very eyes the expression of those which once looked upon Peter and broke his heart and brought him back in penitential sorrow.

THE EARS to be ever on the alert, ready for the sounds of the world's sick cry, of that vast crowd whose only chance is your ears hearing them, and doing something to communicate your

heart's affections to them, and bring them to God and Salvation.

A Living Sacrifice.

PRESENT YOUR BODIES to God—for the world, for His salvation! Never mind your infirmities; He knows how to make these effective in His service; every one surrendered and sanctified to God and the people in this fashion will be a shaft hurled at the devil with more deadly effect than it will ever be possible for us to know on this side of Jordan. It is not enough for any of us to say there are Social Institutions; there are Slum Workers; there are officers and soldiers better gifted than we. No! God has a big business on in the saving of the world, and YOU ARE MORE IMPORTANT TO CERTAIN PEOPLE'S SALVATION THAN ANY OTHER LIVING SOUL. Let us all be ever grateful to God for the thousands of Army people whose visitation, whose burden-bearing, and whose service all over the world is continually linking crowds of sinners to God, and convincing even the most hopeless of the good hope there is for them. But do not end it in this, but rather let their example compel you to the same kind of thing. The chances are all round you. If heaven and happiness here are made up of serving those for whom Christ died, then you have not far to go to find ample opportunity.

Let the examination of your heart extend to the members of your body, and let your prayer ever be—

"Wash me and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art; Wash me, but not my feet alone, My head, my hands, my heart."

God expects you to be faithful in this matter. The world never saw its need more, or felt its wounds so badly. Oh, for the eternal consecration of body, soul and spirit of every Salvationist, and every follower of the Bleeding Lamb, to go to its healing!

Such work insures good harvests. At this time of the year this subject is especially every agriculturist directly, and indirectly every man, woman and child. Harvests are gathered by toil and sweat.

We rejoice over the abundant fruits and produce on every hand. Thousands will feel the greatest pleasure and the deepest satisfaction as they gather in from the fields what has been crowned with every blessing by the good hand of God. But harvests are not produced by theories—harvests are not filled by wishes.

THE SCAPEGOAT.



"And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited."—Lev. xvi. 22.

The Day of Atonement was the greatest day of the Jewish year. The part of the ceremony most absorbed the popular attention consisted in the choice of two young goats by the High Priest for a sin offering. They were presented before the Lord in the door of the Tabernacle, and lots cast upon them. Upon one lot was described "For Jehovah," on the other "For Azazel." The goat on which fell the lot "For Jehovah" was slain, and its blood sprinkled seven times before the mercy seat. Over the head of the goat "For Azazel," the High Priest laid his hands and confessed all the sins of the nation. It was then led away into a land "not inhabited," and there let loose, a strip of red cloth being fastened to its horns. The scarlet cloth, which was fastened to the horns of the goat, was then torn, and the goat was sent away into the wilderness, to be seen no more.

prestage of the utterance of Isaiah, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The idea symbolized was the complete removal of the nation's sins. The goat was regarded by the people as a vicious survivor for their sins, which it carried away out of the sight of Jehovah. According to the Talmud, everyone who saw the scapegoat threw a stone at it to drive it further into its symbolic outlawry. The region of Azazel, where this picture was painted, is at the southern end of the Dead Sea—a spot so dreary, so uninteresting, and so unhealthy, that it is scarcely ever visited, and is shunned by the suspicious Arab, who regards such spots as haunted by the Evil Spirit. In the foreground is the salt bed of the evaporated sea—the pale ashes of Gomorrah—and in the distance are the purple mountains of the East, going to the East.

Many a day's toll, many a night's concern and weariness—many a disappointment—aching feet and tired limbs—rain and storm—have been endured before the glad harvest came. Even so God and His soldiers will win by WORK and FIGHT, and labor ceaselessly flowing from sin-cleansed and love-filled hearts, and the power of the Holy Ghost.

It may be an easy matter to preach a sermon, but it is a hard, stern business to turn one sinner to God, and cannot be done without real sacrifice. Let us not hold back, for the reaper shall be abundant in time and eternity.

WEEKLY WATCHWORD: Confidence.

Father, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me, And the changes that are sure to come, I do not fear to see; But I ask Thee for a present mind Intent on pleasing Thee, I would not have the restless will That hurries to and fro, Seeking for some great thing to do, Or secret thing to know, I would be treated as a child, And guided where I go. So I ask Thee for the daily strength, To none that ask denied, And a mind to blend with outward life, While keeping at Thy side, Content to fill a little space, If Thou be glorified.

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

The Lord our Confidence.—Prov. iii. 26. The value of a trust is determined by its object. The attraction of our confidence is the unfailing goodness and eternal faithfulness of Jehovah. The weakest trust in omnipotence is more powerful than the most undusted reliance upon the things of time.

MONDAY.

Fear of God the True Source of Confidence.—Prov. xiv. 26. Sometimes fear is a stronger and surer basis for faith than bravery, and it is thus with the fear of the Lord. It makes men heroes of courage and gives them hearts of confidence.

TUESDAY.

The Condition of Confidence.—1. John iii. 21. Only a heart free from condemnation can enjoy true confidence. Sin saps the foundation of faith and is the insurer of doubt.

WEDNESDAY.

Confidence in God's Attention.—1. John v. 14. Faith in the fact that God hears prayer is the groundwork of effectual petition. To speak to Him with doubts as to His attention, forbids fervent or concentrated prayer.

THURSDAY.

Confidence Given as the Approval of Heaven.—Eph. ii. 12. The true saint of God feels no fear at making the approval of heaven. Such a heart keeps a Host of Hosts within itself.

FRIDAY.

Keep Your Confidence.—1. Th. x. 35. We should never think lightly of our faith. Confidence in God and man is the centre of all happiness, safety, and success, and should be guarded as the jewel of a soul's possession.

SATURDAY.

What is to be Gained by Keeping Faith.—Heb. iii. 14. A broken trust means a broken promise. When the backslider turns back on his trust in God, he loses the providence of God.

Keep clear of these digressions of mystic high-gal and speculative air-remember that what service comes from the day; while that which is happier, and more useful warrior of the war of others, may be safety and satisfaction.



EARLY REVIEW.

over the portions of I have been our cons- column for the last struck with the strong the history of Israel's in the wilderness bears faults and fortunes of id to-day. This would we not remember how 'line's rolling ages have the disposition of man, ly powerless they have or affect the eternal idences of the Divine

their foolish mistakes murmurings we may 'the image of our own' 'requently in their un- s, in the beautiful love in victory when they expected defeat, and for- er conduct had merited 2 we been reminded of y which has followed given and blossomed out

of Israel's wanderings; us, it should awaken for God's tender and erness towards His nes to the weight of which all this merry

not an Excursion.

f the loss of confidence- in to be saints may be but that they enlisted an excursion to heaven only to find that they to wage a continuous hell. This brings them ices knock, their souls hine, and not a few of to be saints any more, only pining evangelists calculated to do little folks wrong. Heaven r choice of, but their righteousness, To win (literally) avocations as ickly" devices of the held before their eyes, lonizers of the West an Indian's throat line was hapized to pre- appointing. Many enturers would need to and their catch safely s. To live with Christ p, it will take all there to enlist intelligently is and His righteousness action to fight all the ties, powers and in- cent world, that as a experienced, you may a higher and eternal of your worth to Him, s worth to you. You it for a picnic, be not if the din of conflict and will win, whether dies. Be strong in the good fight of faith, hard. Never say die, ve or die to you it is Woolley.

because a more diffi- a poetic life than to m. The mere quick vid impression of the line a poem; only the 'life can create calm.

OFFICERS, ATTENTION!

Billets! Billets! Billets!

Officers requiring billets during the Seventeenth Anniversary Gatherings will please make application IMMEDIATELY to

BRIGADIER GASKIN,
S. A. Temple, Toronto.

N. B.—All applications MUST be made before Sept. 28th.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieut. Poole, of Dovercourt, to be Captain.

Cadet Parker, of Lippincott St. Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



The Field Commissioner.

With great regret we inform our readers of the recent illness of our devoted and revered leader, who so unselfishly and incessantly has toiled that those under her command should be blessed and inspired to more desperate fighting. Miss Booth has been under the care of a skillful doctor who has succeeded remarkably in his treatment. The Field Commissioner was not expected to recuperate as rapidly as she has during the last few days, and there is every hope that she will be in satisfactory health to stand the tremendous strain of the coming October Meetings. We are quite certain that thousands of friends, soldiers and officers will fervently pray for our leader, whom we all have learned to love and whom we are proud to follow. Much as we honor her and value her leadership, yet only the future will to the greatest advantage show the immense influence Miss Booth has had in improving the Salvation Army in Canada as a soul-saving institution, and in especially bettering the personal condition of the Field Officers. Then there are tens of thousands of people who have, through the public addresses of our brave Commissioner, been made into staunch friends of the Army. Our God will certainly again show Himself strong on the behalf of Miss Booth, and as in former years supply the needed strength to body to one of His most consecrated servants.

Our Coming Birthday Party.

Our Seventeenth Anniversary is drawing near. A wave of excitement has been set in motion and Field Officers are becoming agitated. Memories of former councils awaken and the desire for a repetition of the mighty blessings. Holy Ghost baptisms and enlightenments is growing strong in the heart of all who have attended previous Anniversary Councils. The program for the entire series of meetings is certainly an elaborate one. The celebrations will open on Saturday, Oct. 7th, with an old-time reception of District Officers in the Jubilee Hall. On Sunday our beloved Commissioner will speak twice at the Pavilion. We all are looking forward to a special treat and a mighty inspiration. Let us not only be enjoyers of these meetings, but also helpers, who assist in turning these public gatherings into mighty, victorious banquets, when we are swept away,

and scores of souls enlisted in the ranks of Jehovah.

Monday evening a Monster Reception to the officers who have been arriving all day, will be given by the Chief Secretary in the Temple. All the Provincial Officers will be present and do some of their able speechifying. Tuesday and Wednesday the Field Commissioner will conduct officers' councils at Lippincott. This will be the special session looked to with great anticipation by all officers. To be present at Miss Booth's council is well worth coming from any distance to Toronto, and no Field Officer who can possibly come, can afford to miss these councils.

There will also be a United Soldiers' Councils on Wednesday at Lippincott, most likely led by the Field Commissioner.

The Provincial Officers will hold councils with their officers on Thursday, and the great Anniversary Demonstration will take place on Thursday night. It will show the Salvation Army in action, or, the battlefield of the S. A. practically illustrated. Every branch of Army work will be represented. It will be a pointed and interesting object-lesson which will be of instructive value, not only to the general public, but also to our own rank and file.

Will our comrades not forget that they have a part to do to make all these

"Give Him a Shove, Boys."

Walking along the main street the other day, I saw a number of men gathered around a horse and cart, on which was a heavy load of iron. The horse was a good-looking animal, but evidently coming to the conclusion that the load was more than he could bear, stopped short and would not pull any more. A (would-be) wise man was trying to reach him through his head, pulling at his bridle for all he was worth. Another was striking him from beneath, and trying to inspire him in that way. Another was cruelly whipping the poor fellow all over his back and legs and sides. Another was holding the reins very tightly, and altogether they were doing a lot of swearing, and talking.

No, sir, that horse did not give a fig for all hands. He had made up his mind not to pull, and he would do anything else but pull.

Suddenly the Salvation Army Captain came along. "Look here," he said, "let us give him a shove. Get away from his head. Don't beat him. Now, all hands push."

When the horse realized that they were really helping him he seemed to feel ashamed. His better nature prevailed, and he pulled as if his life depended on it.

Many a disposition, made stubborn and desperate by enmity and overburdens, would be won for God and souls if only somebody would compel them to feel that he was really doing something practical to help them.—T. A. Magee.

MISS BOOTH

WILL SPEAK TWICE AT THE

PAVILION,

Horticultural Gardens, Toronto,

ON

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8th, 1899,

At 3 p.m. and 7.30 p.m.

meetings successful. They must pray about them; they must prepare themselves for them; they must leave their own corps having taken all precaution to see that the hard work does not suffer during their absence; they must come expectant; they must never lose sight of the great end of these gatherings, and they must make the most of those precious moments. Let there be no wail about the good old times, but let there be a determination to have a better present time.

Have You Secured YOUR BILLET?

Man's Commercial Value.

It is reckoned by statisticians that the average man's earning value is \$600 a year, so that his death or the destruction of his working and producing ability, is equivalent to the destroying of an industrial plant worth \$10,000 producing at 6 per cent. \$600 a year. Dr. Hargraves, of Philadelphia, the most reliable authority on the subject, says there are more than 2,600,000 moderate drinkers in the United States and 700,000 drunkards incapacitated to produce and earn. So we compute that the economic loss to the country, if each represents in power to produce a \$10,000 industrial plant, is \$7,000,000,000, an amount eight times the total banking capital of all the States of the Union.

Extension in the Women's Social Department.

Owing to the extension made by the Field Commissioner in the Women's Social Department, there is an urgent need of consecrated women for this branch of the work. Trained nurses especially required. Apply to Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple.

The Bereavement of Our Carleton Sergeant-Major.

The infant of Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Oliver, of Carleton, N. B., was suddenly transplanted from the uncertainties of this life to the sure and enduring life of heaven. Our comrades deeply feel the loss of their little one, and request the prayers of their friends.

Whereabouts of Financial Specialists.

ADJUT. WISEMAN.

Oakville, Monday, Sept. 25.
Hamilton 11, Wednesday, Sept. 27.

ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

Winnipeg, Thursday, Sept. 21, to Wednesday, Sept. 27.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Little Current, Thur. and Fri., Sept. 21, 22.
Owen Sound, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 23.

Menford, Monday, Sept. 25.
Collingwood, Tuesday, Sept. 26.
Midland, Wednesday, Sept. 27.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Penetron, Thursday, Sept. 21.
Montreal, Friday, Sept. 22.

Ottawa, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 23, 24.
Amherst, Monday, Sept. 25.
Rexford, Tuesday, Sept. 26.
Perth, Wednesday, Sept. 27.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Leithbridge, Thur., Sept. 21, to Sun., Sept. 24.

Moose Jaw, Tuesday, Sept. 26.
Minto, Wednesday, Sept. 27.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.

Dillon, Thursday, Sept. 21.
Bellefleur, Friday, Sept. 22.

Geleena, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 23, 24.
Bozeman, Monday, Sept. 25.
Livings, Tuesday, Sept. 26.

\$300.00 OVER THE TARGET.

A Triumphant H. F. Victory in the Central Ontario Province.

Our most sanguine expectations about the H. F. battle of '99 have been realized, difficulties have been overcome, and all round a glorious success has been achieved.

Every District in the C. O. P. has gone over its target, raising the following amounts:

Toronto District \$638.22, or \$71 over their target.

Brucebridge District \$205.32, or \$40.32 over their target.

Hamilton District \$240.45, or \$28.45 over their target.

Lindsay District \$194.11, or \$23 over their target.

Owen Sound District \$135.41, or \$29.41 over their target.

Bowmanville District \$90.10, or \$5.10 over their target.

Barrie District \$176.90, or \$1.90 over their target.

Sudbury District \$121.50, or \$1.50 over their target.

The Farm, \$75.21, or \$5.21 over their target.

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The Temple, with Staff-Capt. Archibald at the helm, took the palm for the C. O. P., having gone \$60 over the target, which was \$110.

The next highest amount raised in the Province is St. Catharines, \$103.45 was the magnificent total they secured; their target was \$75. This is an excellent victory for St. Catharines and reflects very great credit on Ensign and Mrs. Williams and all concerned.

The most notable amounts over the targets at the different corps are as follows: Lippincott St. \$30, Brucebridge \$27.14, Dovercourt \$23, Hamilton I. \$15, Meaford \$12.60, Lindsay \$11.71, and Newmarket \$7.05.

There were only two or three corps that came at all behind their target. This was chiefly owing to circumstances over which they had no control. At Riverside, Ensign Wynn has been very sick; notwithstanding, he raised the splendid sum of \$39. Hamilton 11, and Richmond St. have also been handicapped, but secured \$20 and \$26.72 respectively. Stroud has had no officers, but Sergt.-Major Reynolds and his co-workers nobly took up the effort and sent us in \$5.55, which is very creditable. Capt. King, of the Toronto Men's Shelter, sent in \$10.60, and Ensign Fletcher, of the Hamilton Shelter, \$10, as their share of the effort.

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There has hardly been a dissenting voice in connection with this effort, everybody has worked most enthusiastically. The soldiers deserve great praise for the hearty co-operation that they have given the officers, while many friends rallied round in true style to help us with the effort, resulting in the C. O. P. not only doing their Provincial Target, but going over to the extent of nearly \$300.

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We give God all the glory and march on, feeling satisfied that the effort will not only help us financially, but that it has already enthused the officers and comrades with a spirit of hope and expectancy for greater things in every line during the coming fall and winter months.

WANTED.

A home for a little blind boy, a bright little fellow with a sweet disposition, and two years of age. A good opportunity for some Christian home to merit the commendation, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these." Apply to Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple.

Blame Yourself

If you cannot get a Billet when you come to Toronto, if you have not written in time, it is your own fault.

Buy a Single Ticket and ask for a Standard Certificate. Present the Certificate with 15 cents at the office in the S. A Temple, Toronto, and you may secure return without further charge.

Never Say Die!

BARRIE.—Capt. Lewis writes a glowing report of Major Collier's visit, and how they got their 11. P. target. He is full of praise for the noble soldiers of Barrie Corps, and thinks they're all right. They reached the large sum of \$50.

HALIFAX I.—The fire is burning and souls are getting saved. Last Sunday God gave us a glorious victory, and we had the joy of seeing our loved at the Cross for salvation and one for the blessing. Open-air largely attended. Sunday night we finished up with a little light wind-up. We also made an increase in our string band in the way of a big bass viol and another guitar. Look out for our string band, with Mrs. Adjt. McLean as leader.—W. M. L.

ST. GEORGE'S, B.C.—We are still in for the victory. We have made quite a large gain in St. George's ranks. We are marching onward with our flag unfurled to the breeze. Lieut. Martin, from Somerset corps, was with us for Saturday and Sunday's meetings. We've seen all glad to have her among us again.—H. S. C. C.

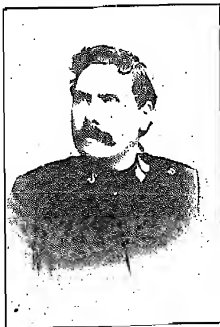
SOCIAL FARM.—Capt. Geo. Edwards held a soldiers' meeting to begin aiming at Harvest Festival target of \$70. The officers and men gave \$40. Next week Adjt. Miles led another soldiers' meeting in which some of the men doubled their offerings, and \$50 was the total. With some collecting around \$95 was reached by August 27th. Two souls at the Mercy Seat during August.—Chas. C. Goodie.

KINMOUNT.—When Lieut. Young came here he did not grumble because the floor was not carpeted, nor the chairs cushioned, but nobly went in work to cheer off the back debt. Not only did he accomplish it, but with the very kind and efficient help of Adjt. Wiggins, Capt. O'Neil, Secret-Major Moore, of Lindsay, and the aid of a few kind friends of Kinmount, he has succeeded in getting the barracks and quarters beautifully painted. "Honor to whom honor is due"—Mrs. Crego.

BUTTE, MONT.—The devil is mad and we are glad. Sunday meetings good. You should see them as they sat and listened to the powerful appeal of the Adjutant, as he spoke of Canaan and how to enter in. Barracks nearly packed in spite of heat. Mrs. Gale is again to the battle front after a bad injury to her eye. We are expecting an old friend along for three nights' meetings. In the person of Adjt. Ayns, who will be welcomed by soldiers and friends.—P. R.

NELSON, B. C.—We have had with us on Sunday, all day, Brigadier Howell and Esau Leslie. The Brigadier's singing was much appreciated, and the Brigadier's discourse in the evening, from "The hand-writing on the wall," was listened to with profound silence. On many occasions I have had the pleasure of listening to Brigadier Howell's discourses and exhortations, but never have I heard him handle a subject in a more masterly manner than on this occasion. Toward the close of the meeting and at the request of the Brigadier, five manifested a desire to be saved by raising their hands.—Anton.

DOVERFOURTY.—The battle is still raging. Some who had returned are being restored. And the old weapons



BRIGADIER SHARP,
Dur Newfoundland Governor.

have been re-sharpened and brought to the front. One week Sunday night one backslider returned. Every comrade refused to see him return. Yesterday, Sept. 3rd, good day all day. Holiness meeting one for the blessing. 3 p.m. in the park, good turnout of soldiers. Good interest. At night another backslider came out.—Lieut. Poole.

ROSSLAND, B. C.—Staff-Capt. Galt favored us with her presence on Friday, 25th; and despite a bad throat, she gave us a beautiful talk on holiness, and what God wants and waits to do for all who surrender, sincerely. She illustrated it freely from her life's experience—personal and field. At the finish one comrade sought the blessing of a clean heart. Staff-Captain was reading for a few days with her brother, Mr. Galt, barrister, of this city. Our Specials out here in the "Far West" are few and far between, but none will be more welcomed by Rossland people and soldiers than Staff-Capt. Galt.—White Heather.

GRAND MANAN.—We are glad to report to the dear old War Cry again that we are drinking from the well that never runs dry. We had good meetings all day Sunday. Although we have not seen any results yet, we are believing. We are having real good collections. The last collection on Sunday we have had for some time, War Cry and Young Soldiers all sold this week.—Arthur Armstrong.

WINNIPEG.—We had the pleasure of Major and Mrs. McMillan, also Adjt. Cass at the soldiers' meeting last Tuesday. Mrs. McMillan and Adjt. Cass gave us quite a lecture on holiness, and then Mrs. Jewer, in her charming manner, sang a solo. Major gave us a straight talk on the 32nd chapter of Chronicles. The Spirit of God was with us, and at the close almost everyone stood up and promised to do more for God. God is blessing us and souls are being won for God. H. P. is booming, but more about that later on.—Pansy.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Still the war goes on. Last week the Junior workers



MAJOR HARGRAVE,
Our Montreal Resident.

held an ice cream social in aid of the banner, and by the aid of the social were enabled to purchase a fine lot of books to help on the Junior war. Fighting has been hard of late, but last Sunday we had a break, one soul left the ways of sin and started for heaven. Geo. A. McPhee, Treas.

MISSOULA, MONT.—Capt. Bailey and Lieut. Floyd have got their Harvest Festival target so they are all right. On Thursday night Captain Field exhibited the living pictures of soldiers and officers of the great S. A. On Saturday night we had a Hindu meeting, the officers and soldiers being dressed in Hindu costume. Large crowd in queue and many of them following us to the barracks. We had a good meeting inside, everybody happy. Collection \$1.50.—J. D. Frost, B. C.

LETHBRIDGE.—A grand treat awaited our people at the opening night of our Harvest Festival, by one mass of decorations, including all kinds of vegetables, together with wheat and oats. The platform was simply laden with the best the world could produce. Our people here are only too willing to an-

swer the call of our officers, as they did remarkably well in giving financially, also with articles, which were offered for sale by auction by the Captain. We were enabled to raise our target of \$50, and a little more to it. Hallelujah! The "Harvest Home Auction Sale," and the ice cream social brought large crowds to the meetings, but the chief centre of attraction was the march, when the courages came out as harvesters, with forks and sheaves, etc., etc. The officers, too, were very appropriately attired and added considerably to the march. While the officers were out collecting grain, etc., for decorations, God's Spirit revealed itself in a wonderful way, when the rancher whom they called upon fell on his knees and asked God to give him a knowledge of his sins forgiven. Today he is rejoicing as being one of God's chosen people. This week we were favored with a visit from Bro. A. Miller, from Prince Albert, also Sister Mrs. Smith, of Montreal, who has come here to join her husband in the Christian war.—Wm. Farrow, Reg. Cor.

BARRIE, VT.—What's all the to-do with the Army to-night? Just see the crowd! "Oh, there's Major Hargrave, the P. O., from Montreal, here, and, of



MAJOR McMILLAN,
Our North-West Leader.

course, our friends, out of curiosity, joined the crowd." At the barracks a large crowd had gathered to hear the Major, and to give him a hearty welcome to Barrie. The Major, in his address, said he was glad to be here, and that since God had saved his soul, he still had the burning desire to preach the word of God. At the barracks all enjoyed with profit the Major's talk on being our brother's keeper. At the holiness meeting the Major spoke from II. Samuel xiv. 2, the result of David's sin. A large crowd was at the afternoon meeting, which started off with that grand victorious old song, "The day of victory's coming." This was a real free-for-all. At the night meeting the hall was filled, and the Major took his text from Genesis iv. 8. As the Major spoke the burning words of truth it went home to the hearts of one shaver, and God's Spirit was felt. In the prayer meeting we had a desperate fight and there was a number present who felt they ought to get saved. The Major's visit has been a great blessing to us, and we hope in the near future he will come again and bring about Mrs. Hargrave.—Zaccheus.

ST. JOHN ILL. is still climbing the ladder. The blessed Master has given us the Holy Ghost power, and we have fished out of the sea of sin and iniquity 14 precious souls. Thank God for every. We are being opposed by the devil in many different ways. He made an effort this week to bring our Captain to the police office to try to make him answer to a false charge in which it was claimed we were disturbing the neighbors in the vicinity of the barracks. The only disturbance we can trace out is that we are capturing so many of Satan's soldiers and starting the people thinking of their soul's salvation that he is becoming afraid that we will bombard his kingdom altogether and win the town for God. Sunday night's meeting was a grand one. We had two of our superior officers with us—the Major and Staff-Captain—and, by their instrumental aid, all have been made free in our souls. Our Captain gave the Junior Soldiers an outing in the country, which pleased the little ones greatly.—Cor. W. Marshall.

ST. CATHARINES.—Saturday night was to have been a welcome meeting to Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, but they



BRIGADIER HOWELL,
Our Western Chief.

missed the boat. Two in the Fountain. Brigadier is getting a good hand to find his way around St. Catharines at 3:30 a.m. 2:30 p.m. away we go with the banner and souls. Meeting in the park very interesting. Brigadier gave some very instructive advice to the young people who stood around the camp. Marched back to the barracks at night 24 strong. One dear sister, tired of her wanderings, fell at the Mercy Seat. Monday, quite a number came to view the barracks. Treas. Warren had the decoration in hand, and he did it up to perfection. Can I describe it? No, I could not do it justice, but it was the best that St. Kitts ever saw. Sale at night crowded to the door. The things went good. You can reckon how they went when we realized \$40, between the Seniors and Juniors, of produce and fancy work. Seniors went \$23.45 over target; Juniors \$8 over their target, making a grand total of \$106.45. This is the best St. Kitts has ever done. St. Catharines does not believe in sitting in log's seats when there are better ones in the front.—J. B. Beall, P. S. M.

TWILLINGATE, Nfld.—Hallelujah! We are still proving that God can give victory. Sunday was a blessed day, but the night meeting was the crowning thing, when four precious souls came to the Mercy Seat and sought salvation, also one on Wednesday night, and one on Thursday night, making six for the week. Glory to God for His saving power.—Eugene Cooper.

CLARK'S HARBOR, N. S.—God is blessing and helping us here. Just had a visit from the G. B. M. Agent, Esau Andrews. The luncheon service was beautiful. "Gile of Mrs. Booth"—enjoyed by all. Cand. Jones has just fared well and gone to the Garrison, the first officer from here. Who will be the next to follow? The call is loud and long. Soldiers, obey.—F. J. C. C. O.

RAY ROBERTS, Nfld.—Bless God, victory is ours. Battle cry, in summer and winter, in sunshine and rain, our Saviour never changes. We are proving it. Since taking charge 27 souls have come to the Fountain. On Sunday night God was with us, and seven came to the Cross, including two children. Before this reaches the press we shall be in the midst of it. E. E. Faith and hard work will get there.—E. Bruce and W. Head-

ST. JOHNS I. Nfld.—Wonderful weekend! Big crowds, big collections, big crowds, big devil, and a big God to help us defeat him. Seven souls saved. Hallelujah!—Dowell.

YARMOUTH.—Thursday evening four comrades were enrolled as soldiers. After a few months' battling in Yarmouth, Capt. Thew has fared well, while Esau and Mrs. Parsons follow him. Saturday night had a good crowd for the welcome meeting.—A. B. H.



Adj. and Mrs. Miller, and Joy, their Daughter

Two Memorable Nights in the Philippines.

By MAJOR MILSAPS.

A Night in Blockhouse No. 2.

A veritable city of the dead is the large tract of land comprised in the three cemeteries known collectively as La Loma. Here are numberless tombs and graves, above and below ground, covering 1,000 or more acres.

A short distance from this great graveyard, on the crest of a hill, stands Blockhouse No. 2—a stone structure erected by the Spaniards. The varying fortunes of war threw this blockhouse into the possession of first one and then another of the combatants—Spaniards, Filipinos, and Americans. The latter forced the insurgents from Manila and back 1,500 yards from this fort. The blockhouse was on the American firing line. The natives occupied Calocan, and the forest to the north and east, with a large open space between. A forest also to the left of Calocan to Manila skirted the bay.

The afternoon of February 9th was given by the Salvation Army officer to visitation of the troops drawn up in battle array. The men were at rest awaiting orders. This gave an opportunity to push the claims of Christ and His salvation on the attention of the soldiers as the Lord gave opportunity.

Company E, First Montana Volunteer Infantry, occupied the blockhouse. Three Salvationists are members of this Company—Brothers D. C. Hines, Albert Lloyd and Dave Freeman. The last named was converted in one of our meetings held in the regimental meeting tent just before the outbreak of the war.

Night closed in. The Salvation Army civilian convinced to remain on the battle field. A soldier's kit enabled him to sit down on the grass outside the blockhouse and strengthen the physical man with canned salmon, coffee and hard tack. Darkness came very quickly after the sun goes down in the tropics.

Squads of soldiers were detailed for various duties—some as pickets, others to occupy the trench outside the walls of the blockhouse, and the remainder inside to defend the latter in case an attack should be made.

A thickly-wooded creek wandering in its tortuous course inside the American lines from the forest east of La Loma, made an attack under cover from the direction quite feasible.

Spreading his single blanket on the ground beneath the high corrugated roof of the blockhouse, the writer laid himself down to sleep among the soldiers. He tried heroically to fall asleep, but Capt. Jensen was determined no man should sleep that night if he could prevent it. Persistent witnesses to the Captain's credit that he succeeded admirably. Nobody slept that night unless he stole a wink of sleep clandestinely, and then it was too brief to count.

Sergeants made frequent rounds to give heavy cyclists a new appointment of work. At a late hour the Captain himself appeared. Catching a view of the writer stretched out on the ground, he ordered the same from under the roof in one corner of the enclosure.

No lights were allowed, not even the striking of a match. Soldiers spoke in whispers as they sat with their backs against the wall or stood on a raised platform looking through the loopholes. The place was oppressively silent. No one would imagine that the trench surrounding the structure and the enclosure was full of armed men ready for instant action; but it was so.

Ten o'clock.

Tock, tock—tock, tock, tock! In rapid succession queer sounds like the beating of a heart with a club, broke the stillness over in the bamboo forest towards Calocan. We knew the meaning of that noise. The insurgents were attacking our left wing. A moment's pause. Again these sounds. Out of the darkness followed a confused roar, caused by the firing of Springfield rifles at will. A pause on the American side was broken by the crash of volleys. Silence ensued, save now and then a stray shot from a sharpshooter.

Mark! What's that? Rapid firing on the right, and close by, too!

A shot. "Pennsylvania outpost!" shouted a voice. Another report. "Pennsylvania outpost!" The firing increased, and with each report came the cry, "Pennsylvania outpost!"

We could see nothing, but guessed that

the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment was sustaining an attack and their outposts were falling back to their support. To prevent their comrades from firing at them they revealed their identity in that way.

A volley crashed suddenly from the Mountain men in the trench just under the walls of our own blockhouse.

"What is the trouble?"

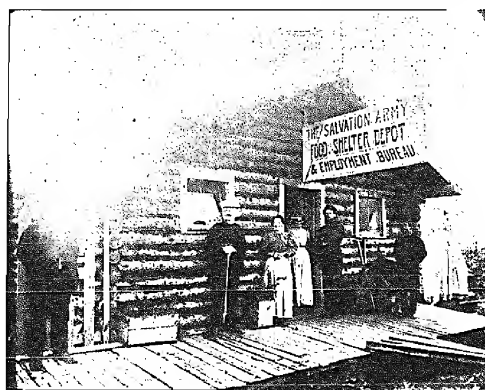
"Don't know!"

Silence again. Not a sound above a whisper. Brother Hines was detailed with one or two others to keep in the tower facing the north-east. All night dark figures could be traced against the sky line, but silence reigned amongst the watchmen.

Desultory firing in the vicinity of Calocan continued until morning. Firing! A bullet struck our iron roof. The force of the impact proved a high velocity. Well that it did not strike somebody.

A grey streak appeared in the east, heralding the approaching dawn. The light grew stronger, and at last with the light of another day flooding the battle field, the night in Blockhouse No. 2 became a memory of the past.

"Watchmen, what of the night? The morning cometh." Isaiah xxi. 12.



DAWSON CITY SHELTER.

May the ending of earth's long night find each one of us ready for the coming of the King and the dawn of the resurrection morning, when the Sun of Righteousness, even our Christ, shall arise with healing in His wings.

A Night of Fire.

Washington's Birthday is comparatively unknown to the inhabitants of Manila. The hour is early, only 9 o'clock, but the clouds over and beyond the Cuartel Militar reflect a lurid glare surely not from a bonfire. Ten minutes later the electric lights go out. There is something wrong. There is a big fire in the Santa Cruz district, the work of incendiaries. It grows larger. The flames leap high in the air as costly blocks are swallowed up by the devouring element, but no particular excitement is manifest. The fire in a couple of hours is under control, and a dull, red glow is all that remains us of the great destruction in that quarter.

Another fire, this time in the Tondo District. Mark! Above the noise of the popping bamboo is heard the crack of a rifle. There goes mother, and yet another. Now there is a general fusillade intermixed with volleys. Our boys are shooting! There is an uprising of natives in the city, and in our ward! Krug-Jorgensen and Springfield fire through the streets. Other makes of arms are heard, too. Insurgents have slipped into Manila and townspeople have joined them. The nipa huts of the Philippines are fiercely blazing; they have set fire to their own homes.

Again Spaniards, mestizos and Amicos Filipinos seek asylum in the Salvation

Army quarters, and the house looks like it did the memorable 4th of February. Our lamps are turned down low, and we keep away from the doors and windows, because there is so much shooting going on around us that no one knows from what direction a bullet may come and whether a friend or a foe directs it on its mission.

Excitement? Yes, indeed! but the citizens know better than to venture out unless the roof is burning above their heads. In that case stern necessity compels them to make the best of a desperate predicament.

Look! There is a sea of fire on the north. The towers of Tondo Church stand out against the molten sky like giant sentinels. Flames and dense banks of smoke completely surround the lofty land marks, sometime hiding them from view, then clearing away. We see the windows and shutters up amid the chimneys of bells filled with American soldiers, who are shooting from their perch down in the insurgents below. The heat is so great and smoke stifling that they cover their faces with wet cloths.

The fire is now travelling in our direction, crossing from street to street. Will it reach our quarters? Shall our Salvation nest go up in smoke? Will not God favor His own? Surely He will. The Lord's special providence is over His people. The flames burn out at the Paseo Azaranga, but the conflagration is not stayed. The Devorator Market is afire, and the adjoining buildings. Incendiaries are busy starting new fires. The flames are now racing and roaring in our immediate vicinity, but are moving away towards Binondo. The

As I See Things.

By J. T. T.

Sinful pleasures, like pepper, burn after taking.

I notice that many people, who claim that they don't believe in God, are very anxious to use the name of God to make other people believe that what they say is true.

If you swear, and do not believe, you must either be a fool or be trying to deceive.

The very fact of your existence compels you to stand out for good or evil; there may be room for indifference between the two, but indifference can only tend to discourage, degrade and lower.

The advocates of so-called necessary evils, have not got much to say as to remedy, when they meet the unnecessary results.

While habit rebels against, and even masters, reason, and makes men do things against their better judgment, it does not seem unreasonable to believe in the fall of man.

I have met with a lot of objections to me being a Salvationist, but nearly all of them have been spoken in alcohol, and perfumed with nicotine.

Perhaps they don't pull men into saloons, but I have seen them use force to get them out.

Alcohol has made many a man who was too proud to pray, so through the same performance, down on both knees, in the end, the difference lay in the words uttered—they were curses instead of praises.

A Saint of Over 100 Years.

God is blessing our visits to the sick in a very marked manner (writes an American officer). Some weeks ago, I was sent for to visit a woman who was sick, and found her unconverted and very unhappy. Many visits were subsequently paid her, sometimes with Ensign Miller and Sister Harvey, and we had the joy of seeing her pass from death into life, and go for ever to be with the Lord. Last Sunday morning we had an up-air meeting just outside the house of two of the Lord's afflicted ones. Neither mother nor daughter can stand. Both are in wheel chairs. Our meeting was greatly appreciated by them. Captain Goodwin and I paid a delightful visit to a dear old friend who is nearly 102 years of age. His countenance is angelic, and his long, thin white hair makes him look quite patriarchal. We sang and prayed with him. He was very much pleased, and spoke many encouraging words to us. Just after we left his room I heard him, as I thought, asking a question, and, on going back to see, he said, "I am speaking to my Heavenly Father."

They Didn't Want Their Money Back

At an open-air meeting held in Minneapolis, U. S. A., a generous collection was given, and while this was being counted a man stepped into the ring and launched out into a tirade against the Salvation Army, calling it a "money corporation," and warning the people in general to look out and not be taken in. When he had exhausted himself and tired the crowd, Ensign Miller politely offered to return the money which had been given by anyone who felt the same towards the Army as the one who had just been speaking. But, instead of the people coming forward to claim their own, the Ensign was greeted with cries of "No, no!" and a shower of missiles, dimes and quarters, which actually made the enemy of "money corporations" turn pale.

The Minneapolis and St. Paul people understand and appreciate the Army and its work.

The first thing we want in order to live a strong, healthy life is knowledge of our own worth—self-knowledge—to know what we were intended to be.



By ENSIGN PERRY.

CHAPTER III.

A CHEQUERED CAREER.

Did he see stars? No, but he felt strange. His feelings, in fact, can be better imagined than described. Ralph having hired with a farmer, who came to the city looking for help soon after our wanderer's arrival there, was put to drive an old-fashioned self-harvester. It was a warm day and Ralph thought he would like a drink. Two jugs were there, one containing water and the other machine oil, and in his hurry he picked up the wrong one and took a big swallow of the oil. The result was he was very sick for two days, and thought he was going to die.

Now he wished himself home. In fact, his job did not suit him. The only redeeming feature was that he had an almost unmanageable horse to do with from time to time.

Coming to the conclusion that farm life was not to his liking, the next four years were spent at different pursuits. How true, a rolling stone gathers no moss. Among his employments was a place in a broom factory. Here he had the trade nearly learned when he got a chance in a cigar factory, and, being quite a smoker, concluded he would work at that. After working for a time at this he saw an advertisement asking for help at a beer-bottling establishment. He obtained the job of bottling bottles, and with it he was allowed to drink as much beer as he wanted. After a bit our wanderer boy heard something that drew his attention from bottling beer bottles to something more wild and heroic. He learned that boys were wanted to herd cattle in Montana. They would be among the Indians and liable to be scrapping with them most any time. They must carry revolvers and ride fast horses, so Ralph concluded this life was just what he wanted. Buying a revolver and ammunition he left town to go out to practice at a lake where there were ducks. As he could see the bullets strike in the water, he concluded it was good practice. While there two boys came along, each having a revolver better than his, so they shot at the ducks together. The boys wanted to know about Ralph and where his home was. After hearing his story they told him a part of their history, how they had run away from an orphan's home in Maine. They had quite a lot of money but did not tell Ralph how they got it. The boys naturally fell in with one another, and they invited Ralph to join them, as they were also on their way to Montana to live as cowboys. If he made of travelling was different, an aim. They would tip the brakeman and fifty cents or one dollar would carry the three of them in a box car to the end of the division.

On their journeyings on day they stopped at a village, went down to the shore of a lake and found a row boat. This they took, had a ride for the lake, bringing it back only to find the owner's son appeared on the scene and, in revenge on the boys for taking a boat away, Ralph's young companion without hesitation drew revolvers and could have shot him if he had not shot them further. As he quieted down nothing more was done. Ralph had to know what to make of this, and told them if they did intend to shoot, a firing replied they would as soon shoot as not.

Ralph could hardly believe this at first. He would himself shoot Indians in self-defence, but he could not think of a man shooting another without provocation. In fact, so few of them had been that he could not hurt anyone, even in fights. He got the word for peace as soon as he had an opponent down.

Coming back to our story, the three lads travelled on. Ralph pretended he had no money and they paid all expenses. Working their way over the N. P. railway west they were now getting near Ralph's home.

"Say, this would be a good day for making a raise." It was the boys who spoke thus to Ralph. It being Sunday, they thought, as their funds were low, and people would be gone to church, they could plunder the different houses nicely. Ralph positively objected to this, and now began to learn a thing or two about his friends.

When he first met them they had jewelry, which they had stolen, and they now confessed how they got it, and also told him there was no necessity of them being without money.

Better thoughts came into Ralph's mind this Sunday, and he could plainly see what evil companionship was doing. He could see now plainly that he was going the wrong road. He had turned his face fully from the Sun of Righteousness, and now very distinctly saw his own shadow before him, indicating his waywardness.



In a Stolen Boat.

The company he had chosen was unsuitable for him, he concluded, and also that he would be better off without a revolver. Would not home be better than the plains of Montana? thought he.

Deciding it would, he sold his revolver to one of the boys and pretended he was going from them to get some food, he made a short cut for home and never saw the boys again.

After being again welcomed home, he, a few days after, told his parents of his adventures. So, after talking the matter over, they decided to do all in their power to keep their boy home. The father and mother, in fact, showed every kindness. They spoke to him of the evils of men starting into reckless living. Finally Ralph settled down at the home community, and worked around for neighbors until twenty years of age.

(To be continued.)

An Up-to-Date Parable.

A certain man, going up from youth to manhood, fell among beer-shops, where he was stripped of his money, his character, and his friends, and left poor and half-dead with disease.

And, by chance, there came by a "Moderate Drinker," and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. But a Temperance man, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and wept over him, and brought him with tears to repent and reform. He gave him his hand and raised him upon his feet, but the poor fellow fell down again, and was as bad as ever.

Then a Salvationist came by. He raised the man up, persuaded him to sit upon his own bench—Total Abstinence—and took him to Jesus. Who healed all his wounds, and gave him peace and purity.

Which of these was neighbor to him who fell among beer-shops?—Social Gazette.

A Testimonial.

This note, with a donation, was given to Pub. Sec.-Major Joe Ward, of Castleford, by his employer, when he was collecting for Self-Denial one year: "If the angels of heaven had nothing to glory over but the conversion of J. Ward, it would be no small matter. His wife, family, and himself must have experienced indescribable happiness and home comforts which they never knew before his reform, and which the outside world cannot possibly realize. Whoever was in command of the Army at the time must feel proud in assisting to bring about such a bright and cheerful change even in one home."



A CLEAN HEART.

Question.—"How can a man sin, if sin is all cleansed out?"

You have to go to the foundation. What made Adam sin? What caused Eve to sin? Did God put any evil nature in Adam? Did God put any evil nature in Eve? What made them to sin? If you say there must be some evil in a man's nature to sin, are you going to say that God put some evil nature in Adam and Eve? "In the image of God, created he him." Gen. i. 27. If you say without an evil nature man cannot sin, how were they able to sin?

God clearly separates two things in the Bible—the desire, and the will. I will give you chapter and verse. Gen. iii. 12. And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." "I did eat." See, "I did eat." "I did eat." Gen. iii. 6. "And when the woman saw the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired"—there the desire came. She had a desire. If she exercised the desire on the right tree, it wasn't sin. Desire isn't sin. Exercising desire on the wrong tree is sin. If I desire breakfast, and go and eat my own breakfast, it is not sin; but if I go and take your porridge, that's sin. If I desire to get an apple from my own garden it is not sin; but when I exercise my desire on your apple tree it is sin. Desire in itself is not sin.

If Eve had exercised her desire on the right tree—the tree of life, she could have taken as much fruit as she liked and it would not have been sin; but she exercised that desire on the wrong tree. So you see this truth clear as a bell, if you are honest enough and are not trying to reconcile some unscriptural thing, which you may have been taught before.

You are a free agent, and you can do as you wish to. It is in the will. When you will to do a thing, you alone are responsible for it. What does God tell us about the will? John vii. 17. "If any man will to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." In the Revised version it says, "If any man will to do His will." If you will to do His will, God will show you. If you will to do sin, you will fail. Your will is not a machine. God has given you a free will to choose anything; so do not blame God; do not say there is something left within you that must sin. When you sin, you sin, and you are responsible for it. There is no excuse, no excuse for sin.

I will help you a bit by my personal testimony on cleansing. I fought against this truth for years. I had one and down in life. I didn't know what to do. Very often I used to lose my temper; I said many unkind words to my wife, although I was a Christian. I never had this life more abundant, because I never realized this cleansing. Teachers used to teach me, "You must keep the flesh under." I tried to keep it under, but the old man was stronger than I. I couldn't get victory over him. Why? I was trying in the wrong way; I was trying in my own line; I didn't go according to the line of God. I heard the people preaching in quite a different way. "Watch yourself, watch yourself." Instead of watching God. I thought I ought to watch. I had no eyes to watch. I had no eyes to see the devices of Satan. I tried my hardest, but I couldn't see. It was I, I, I, try, try, try, suppress, suppress, suppress, put it down, keep it under. I couldn't do it.

One day I went to the garden near my house. I wanted deliverance from all evil. Oh, I got tired of myself. I said, "When shall I get rid of this temper?" I was a man subject to a great temper—my wife knows it, every wife knows her husband well; but the Lord took it right away. That is a fact. Glory be to God!

Listen, I will tell you how I got this: I asked my wife to help me on this point. She was a Christian, but she didn't understand this truth. She used to tell me to pray. Yes, I used to pray. At last the Lord shut me up in my room. So I took my concordance and Bible and said, "Lord, I must understand if there is any deliverance from the ups and downs in life." I searched the Scripture. The first thing I searched was the word "heart." It took me about four months to study "hearts," and when I studied "hearts" it made me very miserable as I began it. I studied the different kinds of hearts—the willing heart, warm heart, stout heart, proud heart, etc., and I found this secret of heart-cleansing. I didn't know how to take it, but, glory be to God, He opened my eyes to see it was by faith, faith, faith. "Purifying our hearts by faith," Acts xv. 9.

I can honestly say I prayed for this cleansing, but I did not believe the Lord had done it. Though I understood the truth, I didn't believe in it. I understood it, but I didn't claim it by simple faith and thank Him for it. I said, "This is very nice, very good, splendid," but it ended there. Later on the Lord brought two facts before me, and I had to face them: Shall I make God a liar, or make Him true? If I do this, I make God true. If I disbelieve it, I make Him a liar. So I received the cleansing by simple faith, and thanked Him for it. I did not feel cleansed, but I knew I was cleansed, because God said it. The devil tried his utmost to upset me, saying I did not feel cleansed, but I gave him the pebble to clear out, and kept on saying, "God says it, I believe it, I have it." My whole house could see it. My wife saw that I was a different man, and my temper was taken away. She knew how I used to lose my temper. Your wife knows you well. If you want to know about a husband, go and ask his wife, and very soon his whole life will come out. Test a man's consecration, cleansing and filling by his home life, his home life.

Do come to the point of cleansing! Claim it now. Say, "O Jesus, cleanse me now," and believe He does it. Who is going to take it now? I tell you, if you only understand the truth and go away, it won't do you any good. My sister, my brother, I humbly beg of you, if you want to serve God, if you want to win souls, if you want to glorify Jesus, if you want His power, if you want to see the Lord God taking possession of you, believe this cleansing, and claim it by simple faith, and thank Him for it. Thank Him, thank Him; that is the sign of believing. "God says it, I believe it, I have it." It cleanses from all filthiness as He comes in, and He fills the heart with Himself.

Perhaps you never thought about these things before; you never saw this light. Now, the Lord has been putting this truth very clearly before you from the Word, with chapter and verse for every truth. Perhaps there is a great temptation coming in your heart. What will other people think of me? What will my clergyman say? We never believed these things before; how can I believe it? Never mind what people say. What does God say? What is the question. What authority have you for not believing His Word, because other people do not?

Now, my dear friends, I have said enough on this point. Do claim this cleansing by simple faith. Acts xv. 9 (above). Take Him at His word. Do not try to feel it, but believe He has done it, and thank Him. Say, "God says it, I believe it, I have it." Hallelujah!

(To be continued.)

Temperance Shot and Shell.

Drink, the dynamite of modern civilization.—Hon. John D. Long.

Grain juice has killed more than grape shot.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Drink, the only terrible enemy England has to fear.—Prince Leopold.

I never use it. I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets.—General Stonewall Jackson.

Men need no stimulants. It is something I am persuaded they can get along without.—General Robert E. Lee.

HUSTLERS' CORNER

Re Our Own Publication

Alaska's Appreciation!

A FAMILY CIRCLE OF BOOMERS.

BEWARE, MAJOR SOUTHELL!

NOTES BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE

I was strongly tempted this week to forego the pleasure of putting my week-ly budget or "booming" thoughts on the neck and of scribbling, and let Ensign Bloss' article on "The First War Cry Round in Skagway," take their place. It is well worthy of a good show, and an excellent bit of reading. I was particularly glad to read that the War Cry is thought such an excellent paper, and so fascinates its readers. The more I look into the different publications on the market and compare them with our War Cry, the more I am convinced that for down right good reading matter, put together in acceptable style, with a plentiful illustration, and a strong religious tone, the dear old Cry comes easily first. This is not, I hope, blowing our own horn (no reference to Major Horn intended.—E.E.), but a statement of sound fact. No boomer need be ashamed to offer a War Cry for sale.

"There is a gentleman here who gives me a quarter every week for a War Cry, which means \$14 a year. So you see the War Cry is much appreciated above all others."

This Capt. Bloss, of Prescott, a brother of Ensign Bloss, of Skagway. In the Bloss family we have a first-class strain of "hustling" blood. Sister Jennie Bloss has her name frequently in the East Ontario Boomers' List, and so has Mrs. Ensign Walker, who used to be a Bloss. Bravo, the Bloss Clan! May bliss attend your blessed work!

Maybe you've heard an hilarious, mirth-provoking, laughter-producing "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha" when you have been in certain Toronto meetings! You immediately rise up and fix your latent gaze on an individual whose smiling face immediately declares he is the guilty party, and on enquiry you have been told that that is Happy Charlie, from the Farm. In Happy Charlie we have a sample of the sort Ernest Enterprise is particularly devoted to. Listen to what he says in a note just lately to hand:

"It being rainy last Friday, I took the cars to Brooklyn. On Saturday I visited old friends, and made presents as I went of back numbers of the Cry and Soldiers, which were well received. Our brother was dancing happy in the Sunday afternoon meeting. Came back again by steamer. Distributed back numbers of Cry and there is a vast opportunity of sowing beside all waters, which is better than piling up Easter Crys in the lumber corner where they will do no good."

Certainly, Bro. Gouda, by all means pass round old Crys, but a better, and more profitable, way is to sell out regularly, if at all possible.

All eyes on Newfoundland! They are certainly having "a growing time" in the boomers' returns. You won't stop at 16 will you, Brigadier? I wouldn't if I were you.

While the palm of sweet ascendancy is once more borne by our infant Major Southell, I must not fail to warn him that a whisper from a certain P. H. Q. reached my office last week, and this whisper want on to say that the Province was getting there. I think so, too.

"Beware, Major Southell, beware!" Major Southell, beware, beware!"

Will those who intend tendering for that monument as mentioned in last week's notes, please be quick, as I am anxious to push on with the case before the Major steps down from his exalted position. (Never! comes a cry from the Forest City.)

I must not fail to notice the unusually strange position that the C. O. P. finds itself in this week. Just imagine Nigger as fourth on the list! What and news for his admirers! Now, Major Turner, I'm sure you won't let things stand long like this.

Well done, East Ontario! You are to be reckoned with, I can see. Having passed the 80 mark, won't you try hard to leave the 90 behind? Do, it will make matters more interesting than a wedding.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Capt. Clark, London | 210 |
| Capt. Carr, Brantford | 185 |
| Lieut. Knudde, Stratford | 149 |
| Lieut. Kitchen, Woodstock | 125 |
| Sergt-Major Mrs. Hock, Chatham | 104 |
| Cand. D. Foster, Petrolia | 100 |
| Lieut. Ringler, Petrolia | 100 |
| Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham | 90 |
| Capt. Slat, Hespeler | 85 |
| Ensign Crawford, Dresden | 75 |
| Sergt-Major Mrs. Scott, Guelph | 73 |
| Capt. Hancock, Guelph | 66 |
| Sister Yeo, Windsor | 65 |
| Adj. Blackburn, Windsor | 65 |
| Capt. Gibson, Goderich | 65 |
| Sergt-Major McLaughlin, Goderich | 65 |
| Lieut. Lockin, Walkburg | 65 |
| Capt. Burrows, Chatham | 65 |
| Lieut. Pyre, Clinton | 61 |
| Sister J. Wales, Leamington | 61 |
| Capt. Hunter, Clinton | 62 |
| Mrs. McQuinn, Blenheim | 61 |
| Capt. Coe, Sarnia | 61 |
| Adj. McAmmond, London | 61 |

| | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| Corps Cadet Crawford, Paris | 25 |
| Lieut. Hart, Norwich | 25 |
| Edna Quick, Stratford | 21 |
| Lieut. Whittier, Stratford | 25 |
| Edna McKenna, Essex | 25 |
| Lieut. Beech, Ingersoll | 21 |
| Capt. Jarvis, Thelford | 20 |
| Bro. Mangrove, Wexeter | 20 |
| May Chrisler, London | 20 |
| Capt. McDonald, Drayton | 20 |
| Lieut. Harwood, Goderich | 20 |
| P. S. M. Mrs. Noe, Ingersoll | 20 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll | 21 |
| Bro. Christian, Dresden | 20 |
| Lieut. Jordan, Leamington | 20 |
| W. Turner, St. Thomas | 20 |
| Mrs. Lockin, St. Thomas | 20 |
| Adj. McFarlane, Brantford | 20 |
| Bro. Maynard, Paris | 20 |
| Sister B. Melton, Stratford | 20 |

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

81 Hustlers.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Capt. McNeely, Ottawa | 204 |
| Capt. Williams, St. Albans | 150 |
| Lieut. Hickman, Napawee | 120 |
| Sergt. Douglas, Ottawa | 105 |
| Sergt. Rogers, Montreal | 100 |
| Sergt-Major Perkins, Barre | 90 |
| Capt. LeLande, Morrisburg | 80 |
| Ensign Hill, Belleville | 85 |
| Capt. Cumors, Belleville | 85 |
| Lieut. Almarik, Pictou | 80 |
| Mrs. Barker, Burlington | 80 |
| Mrs. Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke | 70 |
| Capt. Randall, Renfrew | 70 |
| Sergt-Major Shumans, Kingston | 65 |
| Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall | 65 |
| Capt. Owen, Ganouque | 65 |
| Lieut. Williams, Cornwall | 65 |
| Lieut. Norman, Brighton | 65 |
| Capt. Dawson, St. Johnsbury | 65 |
| Bro. Newell, Barre | 60 |

| | |
|--------------------------------|----|
| Lieut. Ash, Prescott | 25 |
| Bro. Phillips, Barre | 25 |
| Sister Caldwell, Montreal | 24 |
| Sister Wentworth, Kingston | 20 |
| Lulu Carr, Kingston | 20 |
| Sister Nicholson, Montreal | 20 |
| Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke | 20 |
| Bro. Hersey, Barre | 20 |
| Lieut. Laddow, Burlington | 20 |
| Dad Dummett, Trinton | 20 |
| Capt. Huxtable, Quebec | 20 |
| Ensign Yeres, Montreal | 20 |
| Staff-Capt. Barlett, Peterboro | 20 |
| Capt. French, Peterboro | 20 |
| Mrs. Green, Peterboro | 21 |
| Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro | 21 |

GENERAL, ONTARIO PROVINCE.

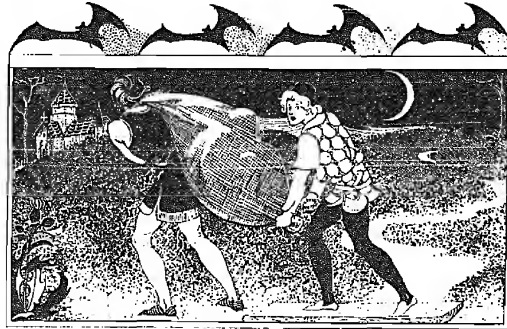
73 Hustlers.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Sister Pearce, Temple | 110 |
| Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton | 104 |
| Capt. Wilson, Collingwood | 82 |
| Capt. Poole, Dovercourt | 71 |
| Capt. Hanna, Perry Sound | 60 |
| Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound | 50 |
| Lieut. Howcroft, Owen Sound | 50 |
| Ensign Williams, St. Catharines | 62 |
| Sister Medlock, Temple | 60 |
| Capt. Nelson, Richmond St. | 50 |
| Bro. Dixon, Temple | 50 |
| Mrs. Howber, Lascar St. | 50 |
| Bro. Case, Hamilton | 50 |
| Capt. Stephens, Sudbury | 45 |
| Lieut. McLennan, Sudbury | 45 |
| Capt. Slater, Faversham | 45 |
| Mrs. Capt. Jones, Dundas | 45 |
| Ensign Smith, Bowmanville | 45 |
| Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines | 44 |
| Capt. Gammage, North Bay | 44 |
| Lieut. Hutchison, North Bay | 44 |
| Capt. McAnn, Midland | 40 |
| Capt. Stollaker, Riverside | 40 |
| Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay | 40 |
| Lieut. Craig, Orillia | 40 |
| Capt. Charlton, Lindsay | 35 |
| Treas. Mrs. Killingleck, Lindsay | 35 |
| Capt. Bowers, Meaford | 35 |
| Lieut. Stickle, Meaford | 35 |
| Capt. Wicks, Gravelhurst | 35 |
| Capt. Barker, Fenelon Falls | 35 |
| Mrs. Gills, Yorkville | 35 |
| Capt. White, Newmarket | 31 |
| P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines | 31 |
| Capt. Boumie, Orillia | 31 |
| Capt. Dukes, Abnott Harbor | 31 |
| Capt. Capper, Brooklin | 31 |
| Capt. Sherwin, Huntsville | 30 |
| Lieut. Patterson, Huntsville | 30 |
| Adj. Moore, Hamilton | 31 |
| Lieut. Trickey, Hamilton | 31 |
| Mrs. Lightbourn, Hamilton | 30 |
| Mrs. Brown, Hamilton | 30 |
| Sister Bentley, Hamilton | 30 |
| Lieut. Bone, Midland | 30 |
| Sister Sheward, Collingwood | 28 |
| Sister T. Gee, Hamilton | 28 |
| Capt. Mitchell, Brantford | 24 |
| Capt. Redburn, Riverside | 26 |
| Chas. Good, Social Farm | 26 |
| Emily Howell, Riverside | 25 |
| Lieut. Stickle, Chesley | 25 |
| Lieut. Jackson, Orangeville | 25 |
| Ensign Fox, Lascar St. | 25 |
| Lieut. Tyms, St. Catharines | 25 |
| Bro. Stanton, Hamilton | 25 |
| Lieut. Wades, Yorkville | 25 |
| S. M. Mrs. Cook, Lascar St. | 21 |
| Capt. Jones, Dundas | 22 |
| Lizzie Richards, St. Catharines | 22 |
| Lieut. Cooper, Brantford | 21 |
| Barth Curry, Hamilton | 21 |
| Mrs. Potter, Hamilton | 21 |
| Capt. Clark, Hamilton | 20 |
| Lieut. Bond, Hamilton | 20 |
| Sister B. Price, Dovercourt | 20 |
| Bro. Dault, Sudbury | 20 |
| Mrs. Bradbeer, North Bay | 20 |
| Mrs. Brown, Huntsville | 20 |
| S. M. Cook, Meaford | 20 |
| Sister Fish, Yorkville | 20 |

EASTERN PROVINCE.

74 Hustlers.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| P. S. M. Minnie Smith, Windsor | 204 |
| Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Moncton | 130 |
| Sergt. Mirey, St. John | 110 |
| Adj. Beers, New Glasgow | 107 |
| Bro. Kelly, St. George's | 100 |
| Capt. Lammie, Halifax | 85 |
| Cadet Wyatt, St. John | 85 |
| Capt. Bradbury, Fredericton | 80 |
| Ensign Larder, Glace Bay | 75 |
| Capt. Martin, Charlottetown | 75 |
| Capt. Green, Pictou | 71 |
| Ser. Ellis, Charlottetown | 71 |
| Sister Fisher, Halifax | 68 |
| Lieut. N. Smith, Truro | 68 |
| Ser. Churchill, Woodstock | 65 |
| Sister Rogers, St. John | 60 |
| S. M. Prys, Charlottetown | 60 |
| Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton | 55 |
| Lieut. Mowbray, Sussex | 57 |
| Mrs. Adj. McElivray, Fredericton | 55 |
| Capt. Pittman, Westville | 55 |
| Lieut. Armstrong, Grand Manan | 55 |
| Lieut. Armstrong, Grand Manan | 55 |
| Cadet B. Marthong, St. John | 55 |
| Ensign Wright, Chatham | 51 |



Major J. C. Ross—'ing and Major J. E. Ross—'y, in the dead of night, steal the body of Major Southell, and set out for the graveyard. The plot thickens. To be continued in our next.

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| Sister McQueen, St. Thomas | 10 |
| Capt. Hodgins, Stratford | 10 |
| Lieut. Pickle, Seaford | 57 |
| Mrs. Capt. Coy, Berlin | 50 |
| Lieut. Crawford, Galt | 50 |
| Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg | 55 |
| Sister M. Smith, Paris | 55 |
| Lieut. Goss, Listowel | 55 |
| Auntie Wright, Ingersoll | 50 |
| Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway | 50 |
| Mrs. Capt. Kader, St. Thomas | 50 |
| Mrs. Gibson, St. Thomas | 50 |
| Lieut. Mumford, Woodstock | 50 |
| Ensign Gamble, Woodstock | 50 |
| Capt. Green, Simcoe | 50 |
| Capt. Liston, Forest | 46 |
| Capt. Haley, Bayfield | 45 |
| Capt. Heltman, Seaford | 45 |
| Mrs. Adj. Mellars, Brantford | 42 |
| Capt. Freeman, Ridgeway | 42 |
| Lieut. Yeomans, Tilsonburg | 40 |
| Lieut. Cnlar, Bathwell | 40 |
| Sergt-Major Dealing, Hespeler | 40 |
| Capt. Copeham, Watford | 40 |
| Lieut. Hanna, Wyoming | 38 |
| Capt. Thompson, Guelph | 36 |
| Mrs. Adj. Backburn, Windsor | 35 |
| Mrs. Capt. Reed, Galt | 35 |
| Sister F. McCubbin, Leamington | 35 |
| Mrs. Graham, Thamesville | 35 |
| Capt. Pym, Palmerston | 34 |
| Capt. Rees, Norwich | 34 |
| May Schmitz, Berlin | 32 |
| Sister H. Erb, Berlin | 30 |
| Sister G. Chieseman, London | 29 |
| Sister F. Erb, Berlin | 28 |
| Mrs. Senflet, Stratford | 27 |
| Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Blenheim | 27 |
| Capt. Mathers, Listowel | 27 |
| Chris. Jaelin, London | 27 |
| Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville | 25 |
| P. S. M. Virtue, London | 25 |
| Sergt. P. Puhner, London | 25 |
| Capt. Fell, Walkburg | 25 |

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| Capt. Green, Pictou | 60 |
| Ensign Kendall, Quebec | 60 |
| Ada Galt, Montreal | 60 |
| Capt. Downey, Montreal | 55 |
| Capt. Brown, Burlington | 55 |
| Lieut. Yandave, Kingston | 55 |
| Capt. Banks, Newport | 55 |
| Lieut. Carter, Bloomfield | 51 |
| Sergt. Richard, Montreal | 50 |
| Capt. Stanforth, Cornwall | 50 |
| Sergt. Thompson, Belleville | 50 |
| Capt. Nagas, Arnprior | 50 |
| Capt. O'Neil, Arnprior | 50 |
| Mrs. Capt. Carter, Campbellton | 50 |
| Lieut. Cook, St. Johnsbury | 45 |
| Lieut. Woods, Deseronto | 45 |
| Capt. Tuck, Millbrook | 45 |
| Cadet Weir, Ganouque | 44 |
| Cadet Thompson, Colborne | 43 |
| Bro. Shaver, Montreal | 42 |
| Capt. Gruse, Trenton | 40 |
| Capt. Barth, Deseronto | 40 |
| Capt. Croge, Brockville | 40 |
| Lieut. Newell, Brockville | 40 |
| Lieut. Pitcher, Pembroke | 40 |
| Corps Cadet Palford, Brockville | 40 |
| Capt. Finlay, Sudbury | 38 |
| Mrs. Capt. Beardsell, Tweed | 37 |
| Sister Hill, Montreal | 37 |
| Capt. Brindley, Colborne | 35 |
| Capt. Crego, Odessa | 35 |
| Sergt. Patterson, Prescott | 31 |
| Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal | 30 |
| Capt. Vance, Port Hope | 30 |
| Ser. Symonds, Conkomaque | 30 |
| Lieut. Carter, Conkomaque | 30 |
| Capt. Beardsell, Tweed | 29 |
| Sergt. Dawney, Kingston | 29 |
| Sergt. Coggin, Kingston | 29 |
| Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Perth | 28 |
| Adj. Goodwin, Montreal | 27 |
| Lydia Phelps, Pictou | 26 |
| Ensign Pugh, Perth | 25 |
| Nellie Brooks, Port Hope | 25 |

my ability, seeing there were many more fit for the work God called me to do. Then that war began, as Paul explained in Romans, when I would do good, evil was present. I could see the influence of lulled sin and of a carnal nature. I was almost always in the feeling I would not be able to stand the test. I kept hunching back for almost three months, till things were getting desperate. I decided to go after complete, first-class medical doctor in Winnipeg, and I went.

I came away worse than when I went. I went back to my corps, went out to claim the blessing, I rose from my knees, testified, but knew I had not met God's will. I was not getting any good out of it. I said it was no use. I must do it, or lose my peace with God. Praise God when I wrote a line to the Training Officer in Toronto, telling of God's call to me, and I was sent to the Training Institute of Old. There I was told, "Brother, I was enabled by faith to take God as my Sanctifier. Seventy days could not have convinced me otherwise." I said, "Him?" For over two years I have been convinced that I have taken Him for my Physician, as well as my Sanctifier. It has not cost me anything for medical attendance since, though my faith is often tried.

Dear Brother, are you confident? I would say, "Pay the price. God will reward.—Lieut. Fred Blund.

McLEAN, DONALD NEIL. Known as Dan, 20 years of age, tall, blue eyes, dark hair. Last heard of two years ago at Edna, Minnesota. Mother in Nova Scotia anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THE 17th ANNIVERSARY

Of the Salvation Army in this Territory will be Celebrated
by a Series of

Great Public Gatherings and Officers' Councils

COMMENCING

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7th,

AND ENDING ON

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12th.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH

Will be in Command, and will Conduct the following Public Services:

Two Mass Meetings on Sunday,

October 8th, at 3 and 7.30 p.m.

A Huge and Unique Demonstration

On Thursday, October 12th.

300 OFFICERS WILL BE PRESENT.

For Full Particulars see Local Papers and Bill, also Next Week's Announcement in the War Cry.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends who wish to attend these Gatherings can avail themselves of the Special Railway Arrangements. Buy a Single Ticket, and ask for a Standard Certificate, which you present at the General Secretary's Office, S. A. Temple, to be Stamped, and which, with a payment of 15 cents, will secure you a Return Ticket.

Officers should at once communicate with Brigadier Gaskin about a Billet.